

EXALTED PRAISE.

A NEW
COLLECTION OF

HYMNS & TUNES

FOR THE
Sunday School
AND Sanctuary.

GEORGE C. HUGG
AND
FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

PHILADELPHIA.

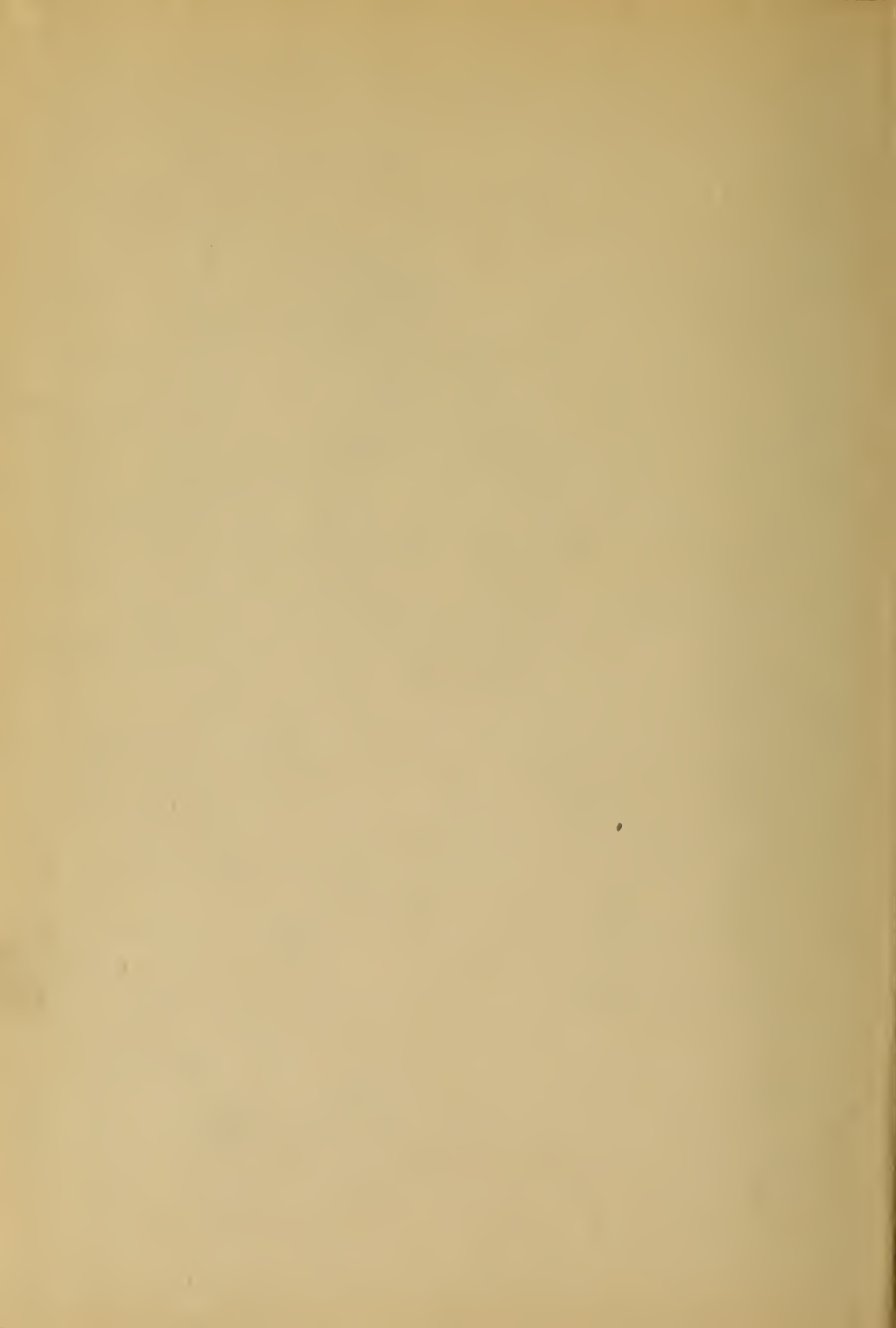
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BY
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❧ PREFATORY. ❧

EXALTED PRAISE has been compiled of NEW and valuable matter. We hope that many of the songs herein contained may preach the glorious salvation of OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST, and to His service everywhere this volume is dedicated.

Editors: { GEORGE C. HUGG.
 { FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

EXALTED PRAISE.



EXALTED PRAISE.

A. ARUNDEL.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1 { Ex - alt - ed praise to God on high Let mor - tal tongues pro - claim,
Ex - alt - ed praise to Him who died, To bear our (Omit)

2 { When God's cre - a - tive work was done The stars in cho - rus sang;
And o'er the wondrous work begun Ex - alt - ed (Omit)

Chorus.

2.
sin and shame. } Sing, sing! God's chosen people, sing A grand ex - alt - ed
mu - sic rang.

song, Till all are gather'd 'neath Thy wing, With Heav'n's angel-ic throng.

3
In aftertime Judea's hill
Rang out with angel strains,—
On earth be peace, to men good will,
Broke o'er the waking plains.

4
Exalted praise ye mortals sing
To God, who rules above;
Who shelters 'neath His snowy wing
The children of His love.

A. H. M.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG,

With fervor.

1 Hal - le - lu - jah! God our Fa - ther, Now our thank - ful voic - es raise,
 2 For a pur - er, sweet - er free - dom Than our fa - ther's sires e'er saw;
 3 For the ar - mies of the faith - ful 'Neath the gos - pel flag un - furled,

In a song of ad - o - ra - tion For Thy bless - ing, all our days,
 For our lib - er - ty of wor - ship Un - re - strain'd by let or law;
 In Thy name, who seek the con - quest Of the King - doms of this world;

For cre - a - tion vast and love - ly, For Sal - va - tion full and free,
 For the free - dom of the Spir - it Where - with Christ makes all men free,
 For their still in - creas - ing ar - dour, Cen - tu - ries can nev - er cool,


For each year of crown - ing har - vest; Wav - ing field and la - den tree.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! God to Thee.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! God of Church and Sun - day - School.

GOING UP HIGHER.

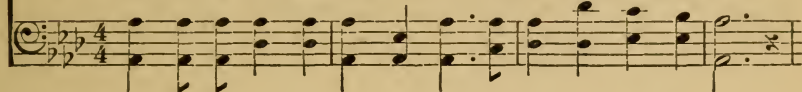
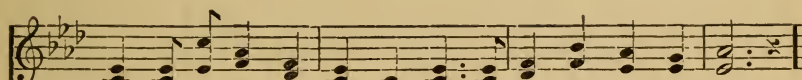
5

A. S. DOUGHTY.

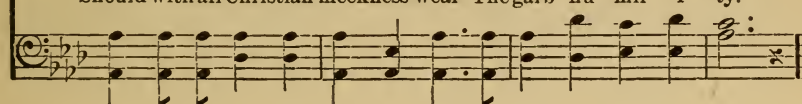
GEO. C. HUGG.



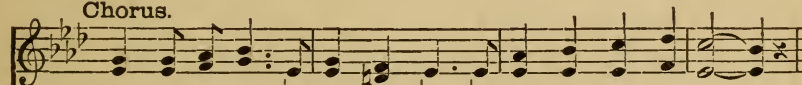
1 They who to mountain heights would rise Must first the val - ley see,—
 2 They who would grace the King's highway, His true dis - ci - ples be,
 3 They who a roy - al robe would share, And their Re-deem-er see,

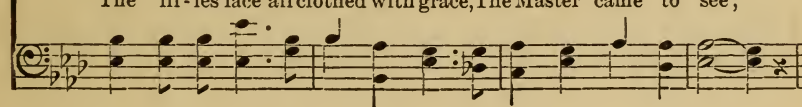
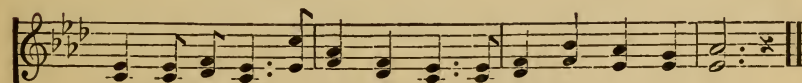
In seeking fame let none de-spise The gem hu - mil - i - ty.
 Must watch and pray, walk ev' - ry day The vale hu - mil - i - ty.
 Should with all Christian meekness wear The garb hu - mil - i - ty.



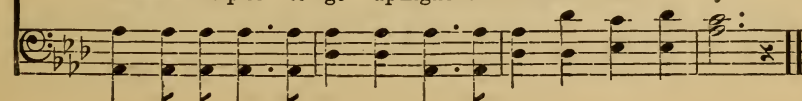
Chorus.



The lil - ies face all clothed with grace, The Master came to see;

Those who as-pire to go up higher Should learn humil - i - ty.

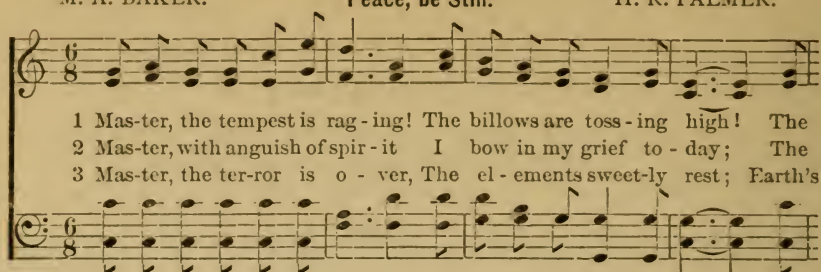


MASTER, THE TEMPEST IS RAGING.

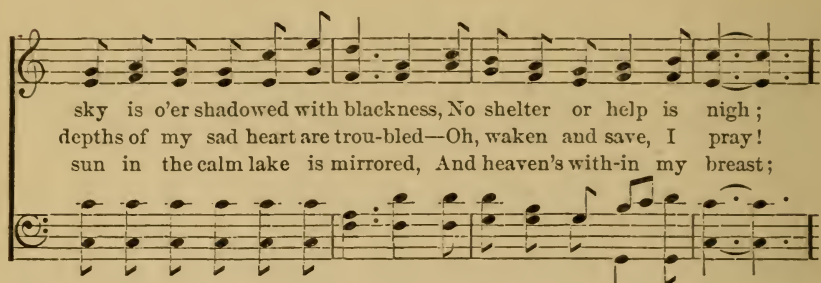
M. A. BAKER.

"Peace, be Still."

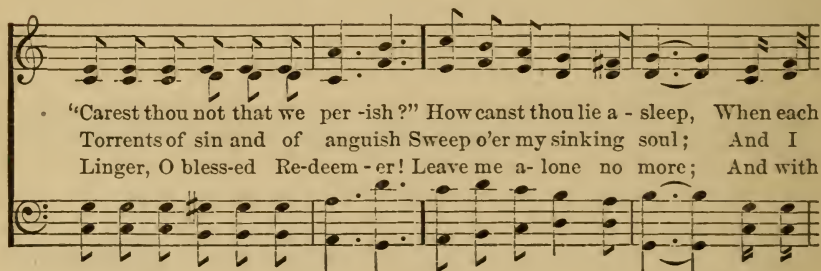
H. R. PALMER.



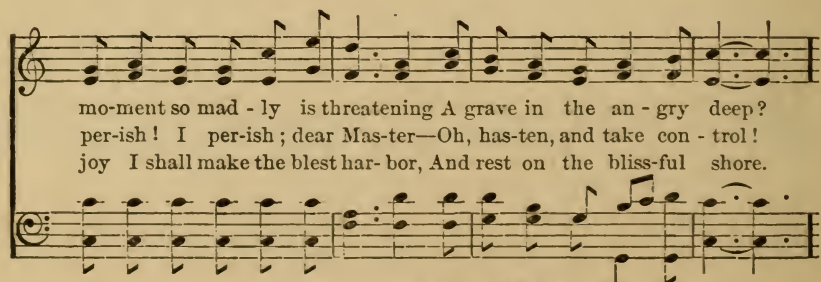
1 Mas-ter, the tempest is rag-ing! The billows are toss-ing high! The
 2 Mas-ter, with anguish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day; The
 3 Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-ements sweet-ly rest; Earth's



sky is o'er shadowed with blackness, No shelter or help is nigh;
 depths of my sad heart are trou-bled—Oh, waken and save, I pray!
 sun in the calm lake is mirrored, And heaven's with-in my breast;



• "Carest thou not that we per-ish?" How canst thou lie a-sleep, When each
 Torrents of sin and of anguish Sweep o'er my sinking soul; And I
 Linger, O bless-ed Re-deem-er! Leave me a-lone no more; And with



mo-ment so mad-ly is threatening A grave in the an-gry deep?
 per-ish! I per-ish; dear Mas-ter—Oh, has-ten, and take con-trol!
 joy I shall make the blest har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.

Master, the Tempest is Raging. Concluded. 7

CHORUS.

p *pp*

The winds and the waves shall obey thy will, Peace, be still!

Peace, be still! peace, be still!

cres

Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or demons or men, or whatever it be,

cen *do.*

No wa-ters can swal-low the ship where lies The Mas-ter of o-cean and

ff *m* **GIRLS.**

earth, and skies; They all so sweet-ly o - bey thy will, Peace, be still!

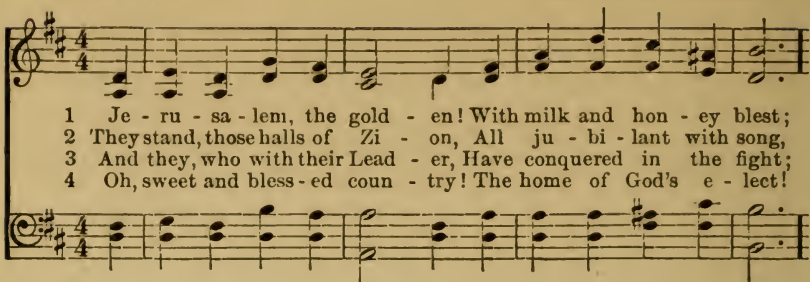
p **BOYS.** **ALL.** **GIRLS.** **BOYS.** **ALL.**

Peace, be still! They all so sweetly o - bey thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

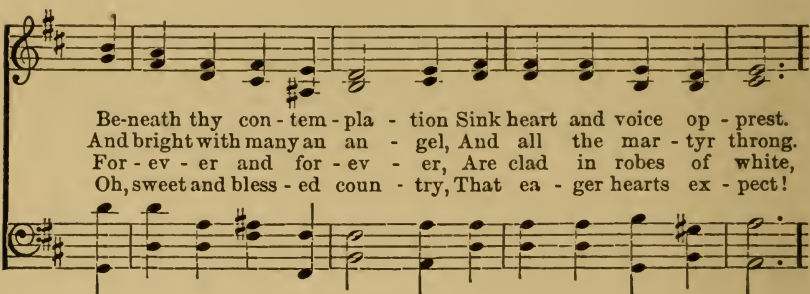
JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN.

NEALE, Tr.

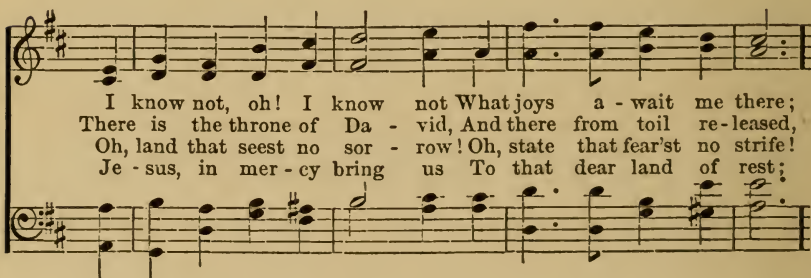
Rev. H. L. JENNER.



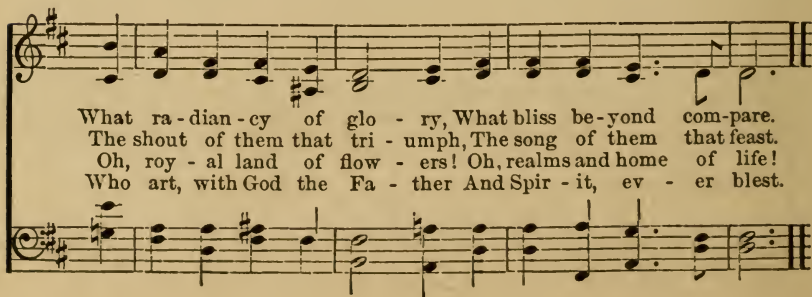
1 Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest;
 2 They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
 3 And they, who with their Lead - er, Have conquered in the fight;
 4 Oh, sweet and bless - ed coun - try! The home of God's e - lect!



Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
 And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.
 For - ev - er and for - ev - er, Are clad in robes of white,
 Oh, sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!



I know not, oh! I know not What joys a - wait me there;
 There is the throne of Da - vid, And there from toil re - leased,
 Oh, land that seest no sor - row! Oh, state that fear'st no strife!
 Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest!



What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
 The shout of them that tri - umph, The song of them that feast.
 Oh, roy - al land of flow - ers! Oh, realms and home of life!
 Who art, with God the Fa - ther And Spir - it, ev - er blest.

"COME TO ME."

9

J. E. H.

J. E. HALL.

With feeling.

1 "Come to Me," saith Christ the Saviour, Weary trav'-ler now give ear, Rest He'll
 2 Heav-y - la - den, why go burdened? Sure to you the message reads; Christ, the
 3 "Take my yoke," hear Jesus say - ing, "Learn of Me, for I am meek;" Rest of

give you, so, be - liev - ing, Take the prom - ise with - out fear.
 Lord, is now in - vit - ing, He who knows thy wants and needs.
 soul to all is prom - ised, Who the bless - ing hum - bly seek.

Chorus.

"Come to me," sweet words of Je - sus, Said to you and said to
 "Come to me," Said to you.

me, "Come to me," and find by com - ing, Rest from toil, from burdens free.

WE MARCH TO VICTORY.

G. MOULTRIE.

J. BARNBY.

The first system of music is in 4/4 time. The treble staff contains the melody, and the bass staff contains the accompaniment. The melody begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord before us,

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

With his lov - ing eye look - ing down from the sky, And his

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. There are 'x' marks under some notes in the bass staff, likely indicating where the accompaniment changes or where the melody is not present.

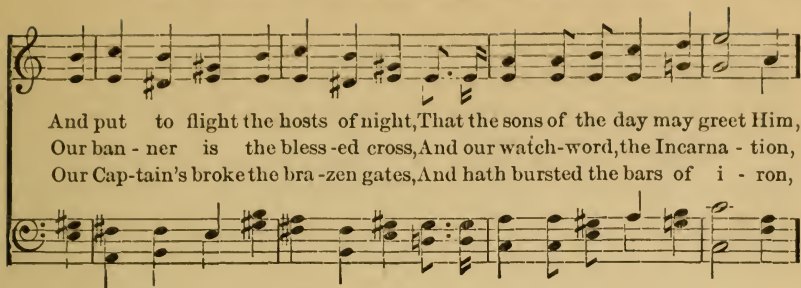
ho - ly arms spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us.

The fourth system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. There are 'x' marks under some notes in the bass staff, likely indicating where the accompaniment changes or where the melody is not present.

1 We come in the might of the Lord of light, With armor bright to meet him;
 2 Our sword is the Spir - it of God on high, Our helmet his sal - va - tion;
 3 And choirs of the an - gels with songs a - waits Our march to golden Zi - on;

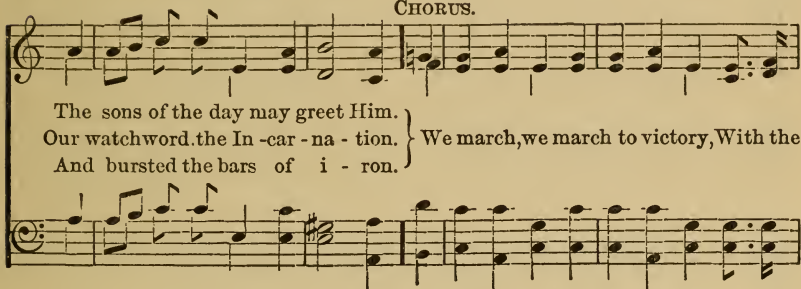
We March to Victory. Concluded.

11

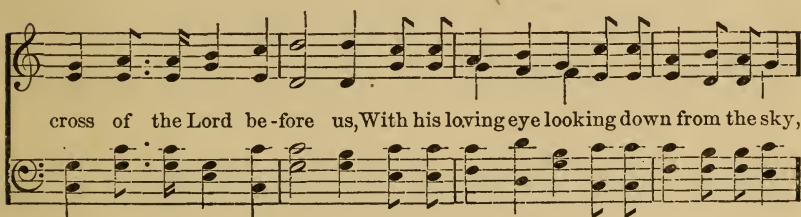


And put to flight the hosts of night, That the sons of the day may greet Him,
Our ban - ner is the bless - ed cross, And our watch - word, the Incarna - tion,
Our Cap - tain's broke the bra - zen gates, And hath bursted the bars of i - ron,

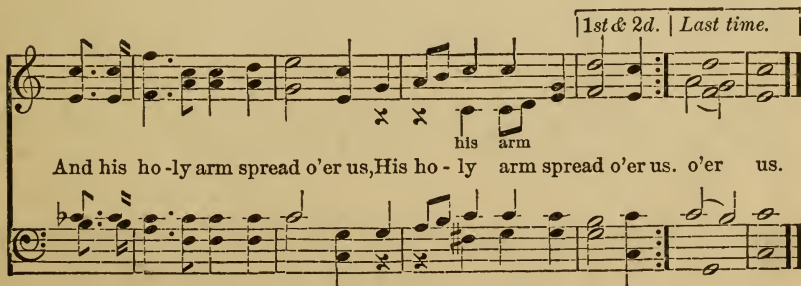
CHORUS.



The sons of the day may greet Him.
Our watchword, the In - car - na - tion. } We march, we march to victory, With the
And bursted the bars of i - ron.



cross of the Lord be - fore us, With his loving eye looking down from the sky,



And his ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. o'er us.

1st & 2d. Last time.

H. L. H.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1 Strong to re-deem is the Lord who hath made me,
 2 He from the depths heard the voice of my call - ing;
 3 Safe on the Rock He hath found - ed my go - ings;
 4 Ma - ny shall see where the Sav - iour hath brought me,

Might-y to save is the cru - ci - fied One; He by His love free-ly
 Saw my distress in the pit and the clay; Pit-ied my sor-rows, and
 Fixed the founda - tion im-mu - ta - bly strong, Wakened my spirit to
 Res-cued by grace and renewed by His word; Many shall hear of the

giv'n hath redeem'd me, Tell, oh, my soul, what great things He hath done.
 an - swered my pleadings, Lift-ed me up to the glo - ry of day.
 thank - ful out-pour-ings, O - pened my lips to the rap - ture of song.
 blood that hath bought me; Ma - ny shall love, and shall trust in the Lord.

CHORUS. *With great power.*

Strong to redeem, strong to redeem, Might-y to save is the

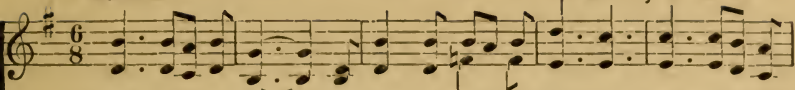
rit.
 Cru - ci - fied One; Tell, oh! my soul, what great things He hath done.

HARK! HARK! MY SOUL.

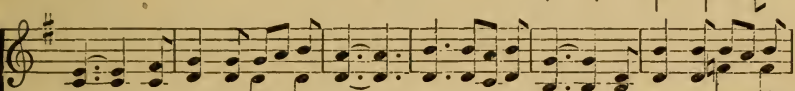
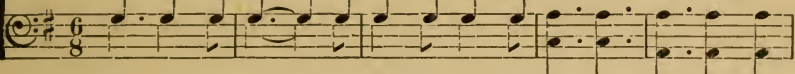
13

Moderato.

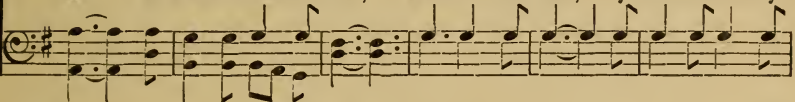
Arr. by F. L. A.



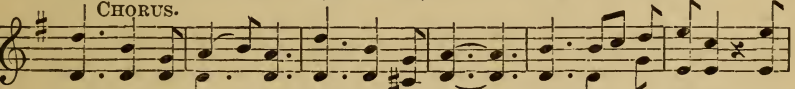
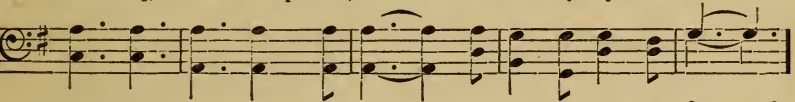
1 Hark! hark! my soul, an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green
2 On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry
3 Rest comes at length, though life be long and drear - y, The day must
4 Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of



fields and ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are
souls, for Je - sus bids you come, And thro' the dark, its ech - oes gen - tly
dawn, and darksome night be past; All jour - neys end in welcomes to the
Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea; And la - den souls, by thousands meekly

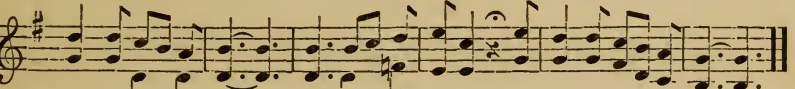
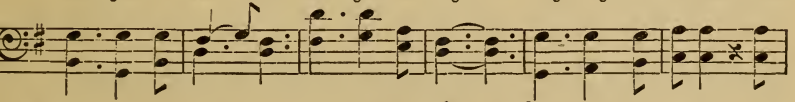


tell - ing, Of that new life, where sin shall be no more.
ring - ing, The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us home.
wea - ry, And Heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
steal - ing, Kind Shep - herd, turn their wea - ry steps to thee.

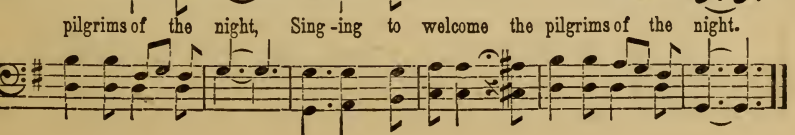


CHORUS.

An - gels of Je - sus! an - gels of light, Sing - ing to welcome the



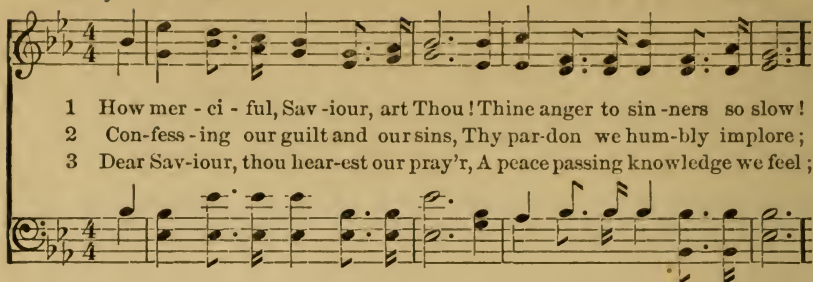
pilgrims of the night, Sing - ing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.



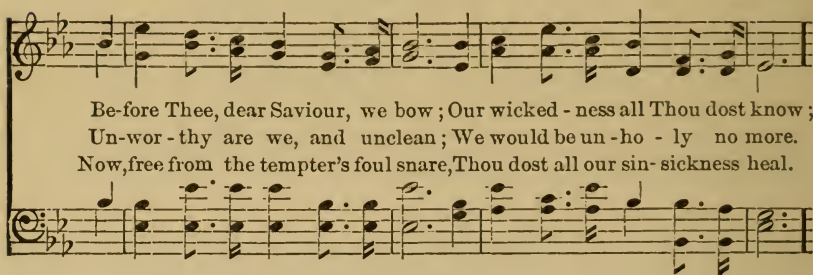
MIGHTY DELIVERER.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

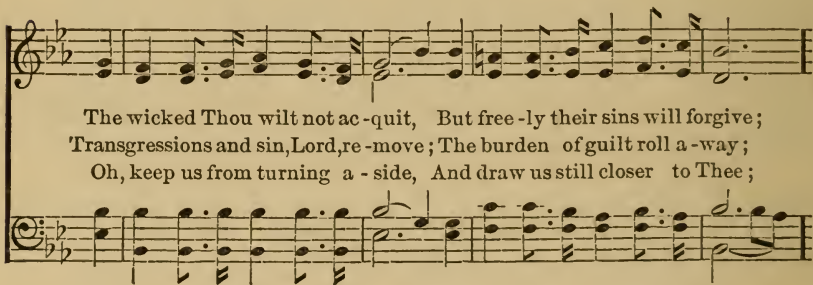
LEON TIPHISSON.



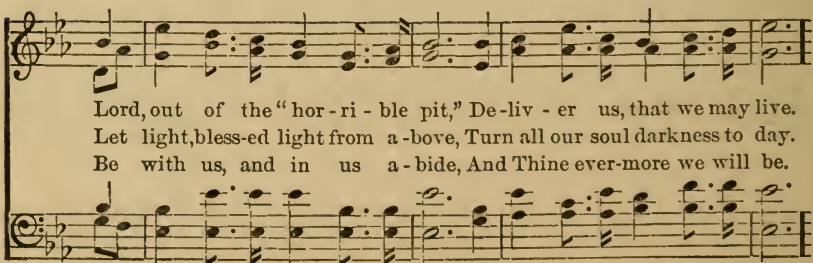
1 How mer - ci - ful, Sav - iour, art Thou ! Thine anger to sin - ners so slow !
 2 Con - fess - ing our guilt and our sins, Thy par - don we hum - bly implore ;
 3 Dear Sav - iour, thou hear - est our pray'r, A peace passing knowledge we feel ;



Be - fore Thee, dear Saviour, we bow ; Our wicked - ness all Thou dost know ;
 Un - wor - thy are we, and unclean ; We would be un - ho - ly no more.
 Now, free from the tempter's foul snare, Thou dost all our sin - sickness heal.



The wicked Thou wilt not ac - quit, But free - ly their sins will forgive ;
 Transgressions and sin, Lord, re - move ; The burden of guilt roll a - way ;
 Oh, keep us from turning a - side, And draw us still closer to Thee ;

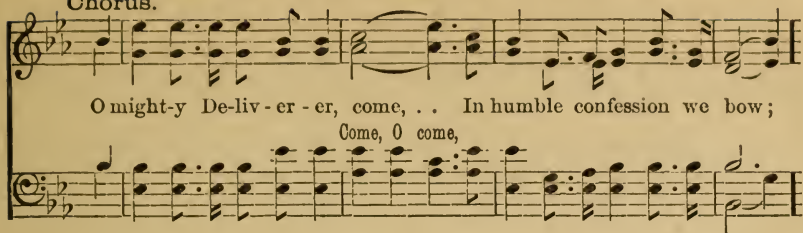


Lord, out of the "hor - ri - ble pit," De - liv - er us, that we may live.
 Let light, bless - ed light from a - bove, Turn all our soul darkness to day.
 Be with us, and in us a - bide, And Thine ever - more we will be.

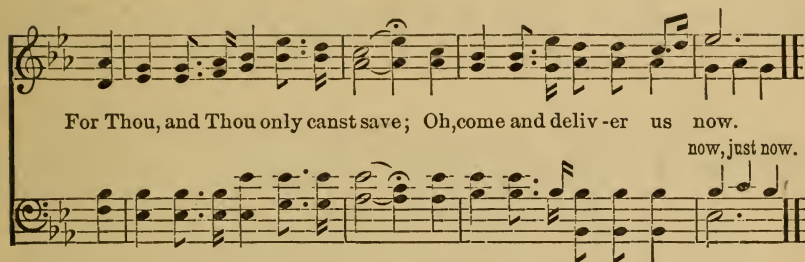
MIGHTY DELIVERER.—Concluded.

15

Chorus.

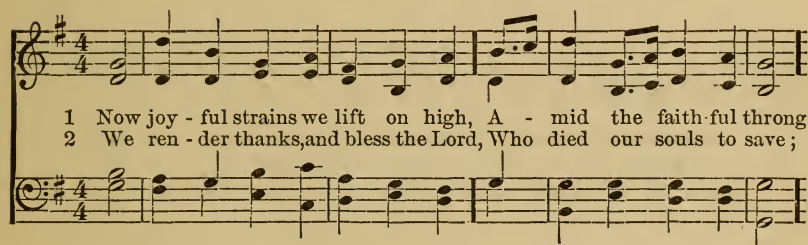


O might-y De-liv-er-er, come, . . In humble confession we bow;
Come, O come,

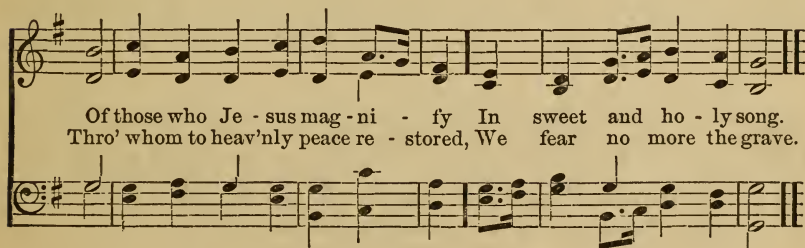


For Thou, and Thou only canst save; Oh, come and deliv-er us now.
now, just now.

STEPHENS. C. M.



1 Now joy-ful strains we lift on high, A-mid the faith-ful throng
2 We ren-der thanks, and bless the Lord, Who died our souls to save;



Of those who Je-sus mag-ni-fy In sweet and ho-ly song.
Thro' whom to heav'nly peace re-stored, We fear no more the grave.

3
With angel-hosts that dwell above,
And weave their golden lays
Around the throne of truth and love,
We glad hosannas raise.

4
We celebrate the glorious name
Of earth's Redeemer King;
Our tongues aloud His power proclaim,
In heart His grace we sing.

N. K. BRADFORD.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1 Jor-dan's wa - ters fair were glid - ing Thro' the meadows sweet,
 2 Pe - ter said, "the Mas - ter bear - eth Care and toil al - way,
 3 A - ges gone, the children's Sav - iour Still is say - ing "come,"

Where, with ten - der moth - ers guid - ing, Wandered lit - tle feet; . . .
 "See the anx - ious look He weareth, Take them hence a - way;" . . .
 And in heav'n His lov - ing fav - or Makes their happy home; . .

Seek - ing Je - sus, they were press - ing To the Mas - ter's side,
 "Let them come, do not de - tain them," Je - sus said so mild,
 Room for all, and free - ly giv - en, In that home a - bove,

While His arms in love and bless - ing, Free - ly o - pened wide.
 "For of such is God's own king - dom, Pure and un - de - filed."
 Room for lit - tle ones in heav - en, Who the Sav - iour love.

CHILDREN, COME.—Concluded.

17

Chorus.

Let us seek Him, not de-lay-ing, Strive, and find Him while we may:

For in heav'n He still is say-ing: "Blessed children, come to-day."

WILMOT. 8s & 7s.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

1 In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2 When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive and fears an-oy,
3 When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up-on my way,

All the light of sa-cred sto-ry Gath-ers round His head sub-lime.
Nev-er shall the cross forsake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the radiance streaming, Adds new lus-tre to the day.

4

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.


5

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

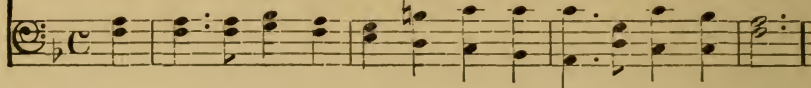
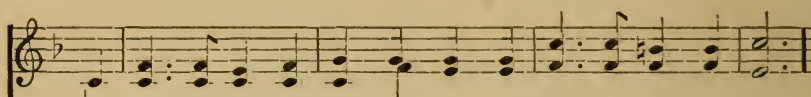
THE SYCAMORE BOUGH.

THOMAS MACKELLAR.


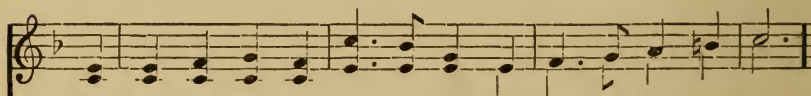
FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.



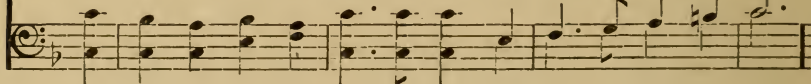
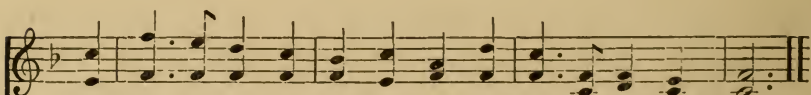
1 Up - on an an-cient syc - a - more A stur - dy bough there grew,
 2 Thus with vain man. In sum - mer days The world a - round him clings;
 3 Not so the low - ly man who walks The path that Je - sus trod,

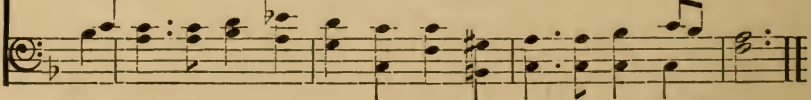
And fos - ter'd myr - i - ads of leaves That hid it - self from view.
 It guiles his heart and o'er his faults A leaf - y man - tle flings;
 Who dai - ly learns to die; whose "life Is hid with Christ in God."

When win - ter came with an - gry breath, The bough was brown and bare;
 It blinds him, till the bit - ter day Of pain and death comes on;
 The world be - tween his soul and God Can nev - er in - ter - vene;

Gone were the sum - mer - heart - ed leaves That once were nurtured there.
 And leaves him, then, to bear his woes Un - aid - ed and a - lone.
 In joy or sor - row, life or death, His hope is ev - er green.



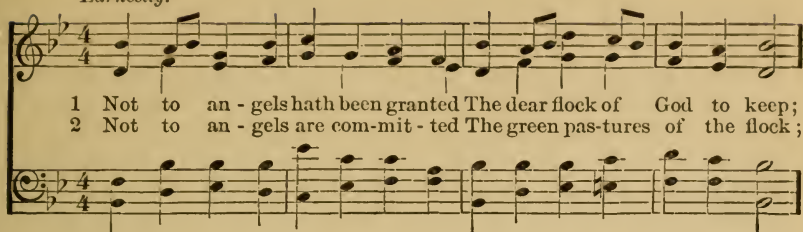
NOT TO ANGELS.

19

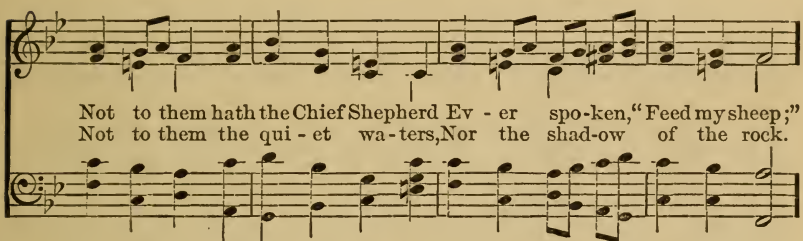
H. BONAR, D. D.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

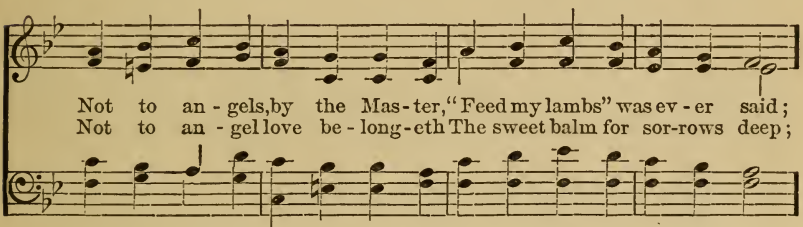
Earnestly.



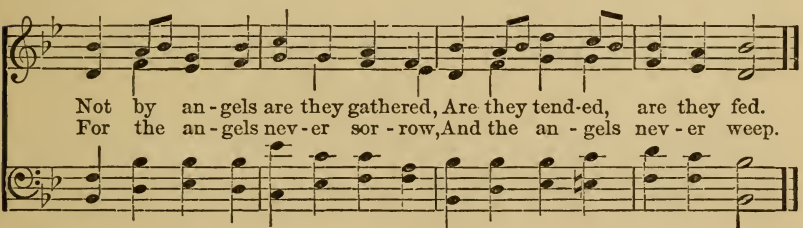
1 Not to an - gels hath been granted The dear flock of God to keep;
2 Not to an - gels are com - mit - ted The green pas - tures of the flock;



Not to them hath the Chief Shepherd Ev - er spo - ken, "Feed my sheep;"
Not to them the qui - et wa - ters, Nor the shad - ow of the rock.



Not to an - gels, by the Mas - ter, "Feed my lambs" was ev - er said;
Not to an - gels love be - long - eth The sweet balm for sor - rows deep;



Not by an - gels are they gathered, Are they tend - ed, are they fed.
For the an - gels nev - er sor - row, And the an - gels nev - er weep.

3

They are wise, and strong, and holy,
On their errands will they speed,
But they may not teach a pardon
Which do not, cannot need;
They are careful, tender, loving,
As God's ministering host;
But they cannot preach a gospel
Which is only for the lost.

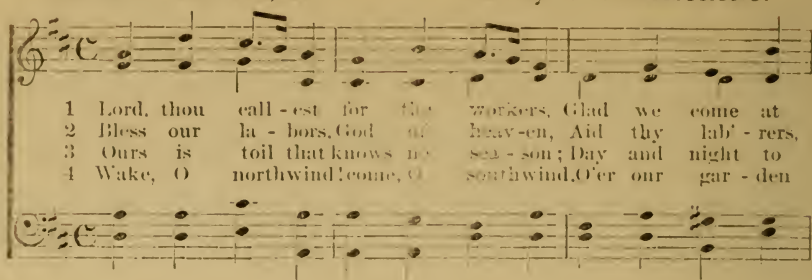
4

Not to angels, but to sinners
Is the great commission given,
Now to point their fellow-wanderers
To the open gate of heaven;
And to us, who once have wandered,
It is given to show the road
To the fold of rest and safety,
To the blessed home of God.

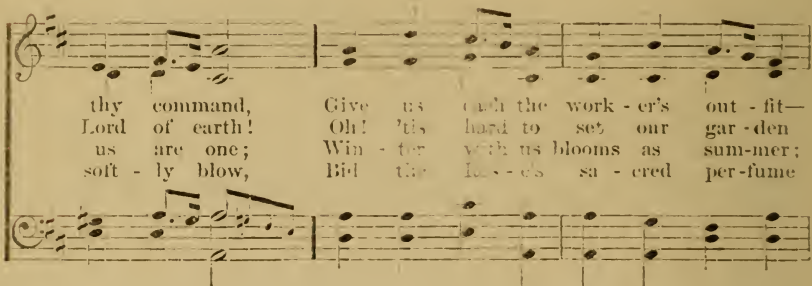
PLANTING SHARON'S ROSE.

Rev. H. C. McCOOK, D. D.

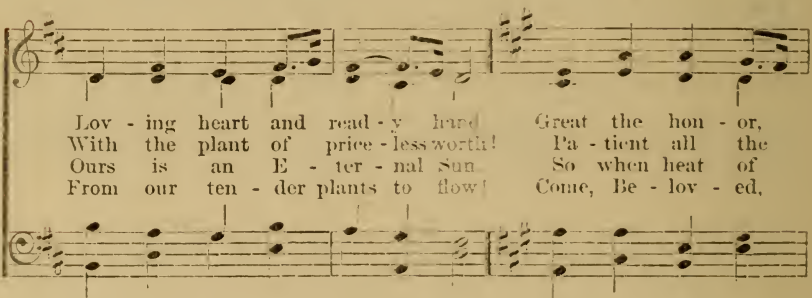
Arr. by F. L. ARMSTRONG.



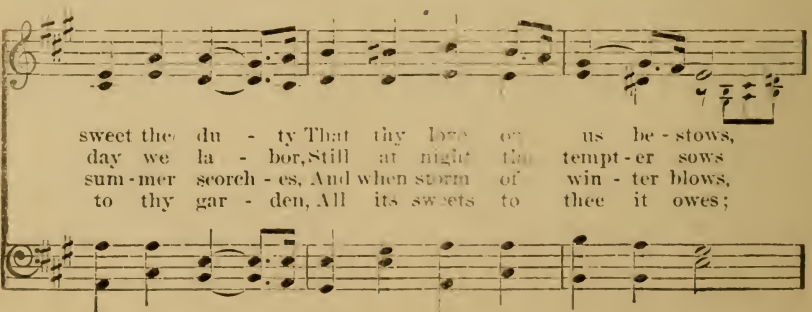
1 Lord, thou call - est for the work - ers, Glad we come at
 2 Bless our la - bors, God of heav - en, Aid thy lab' - rers,
 3 Ours is toil that knows no sea - son; Day and night to
 4 Wake, O northwind! come, O southwind, O'er our gar - den



thy command, Give us each the work - er's out - fit—
 Lord of earth! Oh! 'tis hard to set our gar - den
 us are one; Win - ter with us blooms as sum - mer;
 soft - ly blow, Bid the ice -'s sa - cred per - fume



Lov - ing heart and read - y hand Great the hon - or,
 With the plant of price - less worth! Pa - tient all the
 Ours is an E - ter - nal Sun So when heat of
 From our ten - der plants to flow! Come, Be - lov - ed,

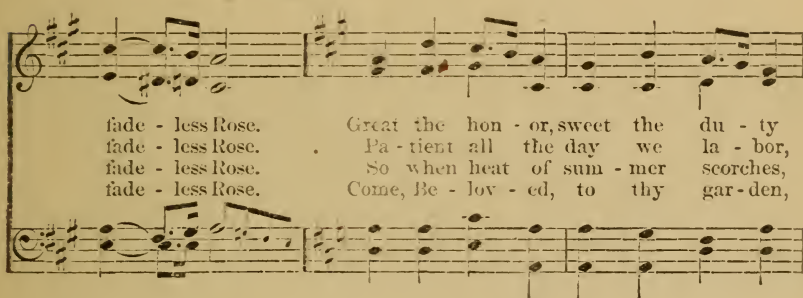


sweet the du - ty That thy love on us be - stows,
 day we la - bor, Still at night the tempt - er sows
 sum - mer sear - ch - es, And when storm of win - ter blows,
 to thy gar - den, All its sweets to thee it owes;

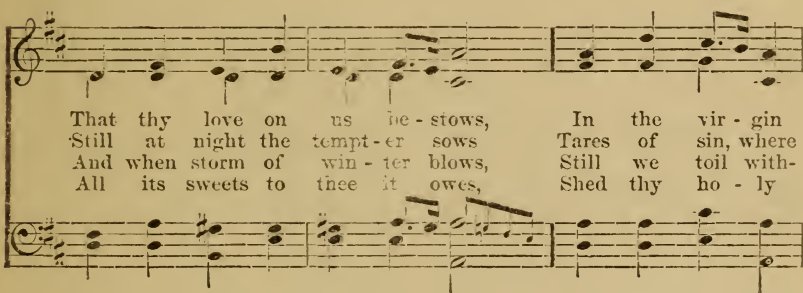
PLANTING SHARON'S ROSE.—Concluded. 21



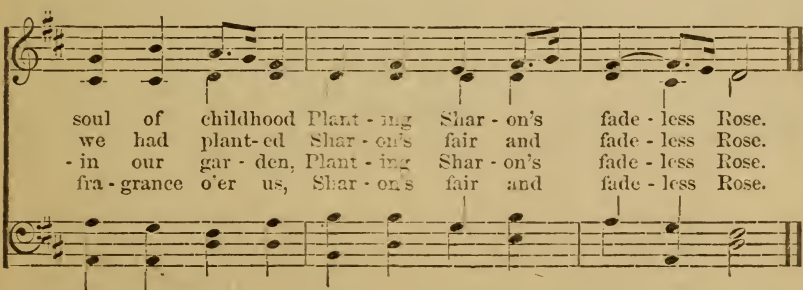
In the vir - gin soul of child - hood Planting Shar - on's
Tares of sin, where we had plant - ed Shar-on's fair and
Still we toil with - in our gar - den, Plant-ing Shar - on's
Shed thy ho - ly fra-grance o'er us, Shar-on's fair and



fade - less Rose. Great the hon - or, sweet the du - ty
fade - less Rose. Pa - tient all the day we la - bor,
fade - less Rose. So when heat of sum - mer scorches,
fade - less Rose. Come, Be - lov - ed, to thy gar - den,



That thy love on us be - stows, In the vir - gin
Still at night the tempt - er sows Tares of sin, where
And when storm of win - ter blows, Still we toil with -
All its sweets to thee it owes, Shed thy ho - ly

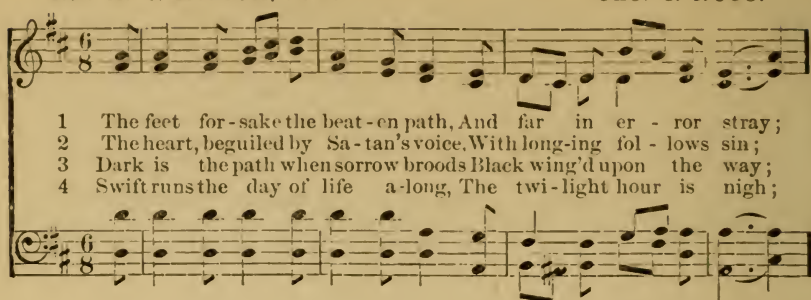


soul of childhood Plant - ing Shar - on's fade - less Rose.
we had plant - ed Shar - on's fair and fade - less Rose.
- in our gar - den, Plant - ing Shar - on's fade - less Rose.
fra - grance o'er us, Shar - on's fair and fade - less Rose.

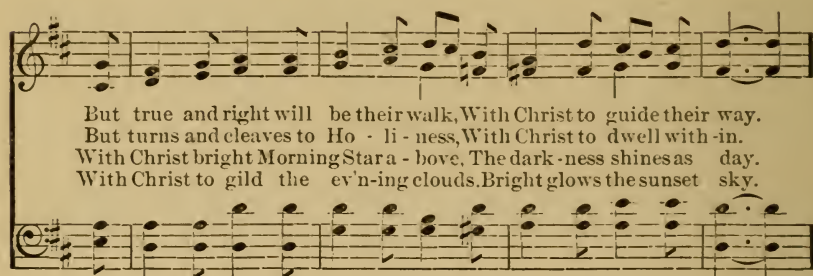
22 WITH CHRIST WE'LL WALK THE WAYSIDE.

Rev. H. C. McCOOK, D. D.

GEO. C. HUGG.

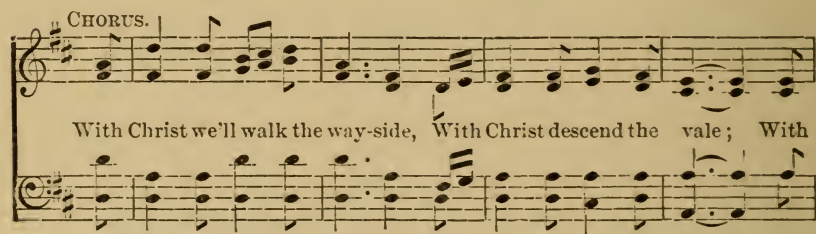


1 The feet for-sake the beat-en path, And far in er - ror stray;
 2 The heart, beguiled by Sa-tan's voice, With long-ing fol-lows sin;
 3 Dark is the path when sorrow broods Black wing'd upon the way;
 4 Swift runs the day of life a-long, The twi-light hour is nigh;

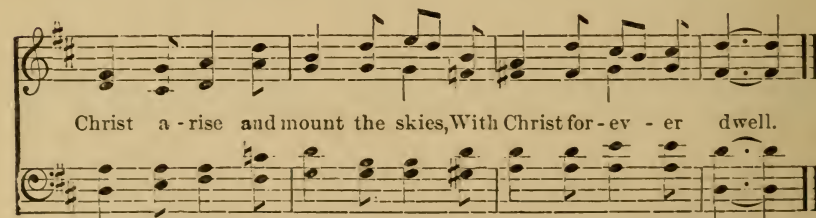


But true and right will be their walk, With Christ to guide their way.
 But turns and cleaves to Ho-li-ness, With Christ to dwell with-in.
 With Christ bright Morning Star a-bove, The dark-ness shines as day.
 With Christ to gild the ev'n-ing clouds, Bright glows the sunset sky.

CHORUS.



With Christ we'll walk the way-side, With Christ descend the vale; With



Christ a-rise and mount the skies, With Christ for-ev-er dwell.

5
 They softly rest who sleep with Christ,
 With shoutings shall they rise;
 And mount to reign eternal years
 With Christ in Paradise.—CHO.

6
 Sweet is the world, and sweet is life,
 And sweet with friends to stay;
 But sweeter, better to depart,
 And be with Christ for aye.—CHO.

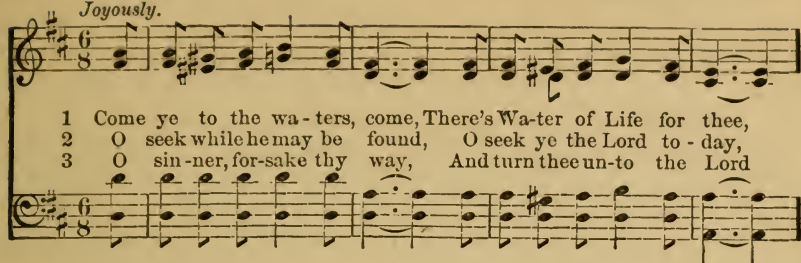
COME YE TO THE WATERS.

23

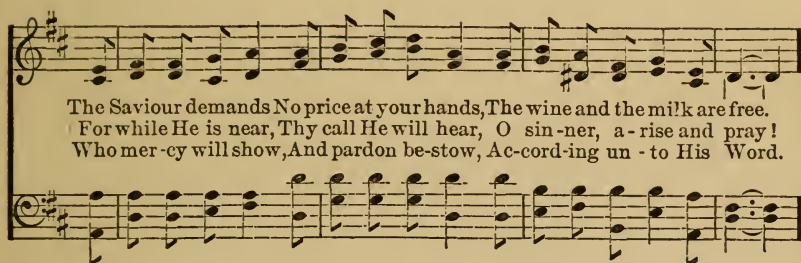
H. C. MCCOOK.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Joyously.



1 Come ye to the wa-ters, come, There's Wa-ter of Life for thee,
 2 O seek while he may be found, O seek ye the Lord to-day,
 3 O sin-ner, for-sake thy way, And turn thee un-to the Lord

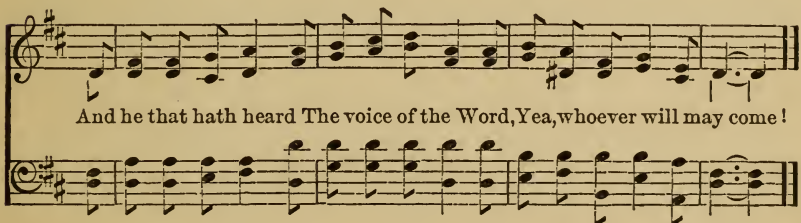


The Saviour demands No price at your hands, The wine and the milk are free.
 For while He is near, Thy call He will hear, O sin-ner, a-rise and pray!
 Whom er-cy will show, And pardon be-stow, Ac-cord-ing un-to His Word.

CHORUS.



The Spir-it and Bride say, "Come!" Let him that is thirst-y come,



And he that hath heard The voice of the Word, Yea, whoever will may come!

4

As cometh the rain from heaven,
 And goeth not back again,
 But watereth earth,
 To make it bring forth,
 So cometh His Word to men.—CHO.

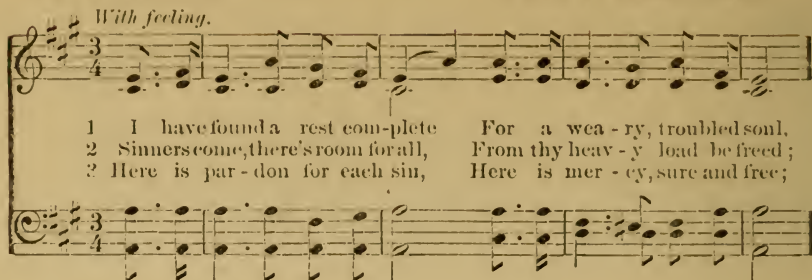
5

And ye shall go out with joy,
 To walk in the Lord's commands,
 The hills all along
 Shall break into song,
 The trees of the fields clap hands.—CHO.

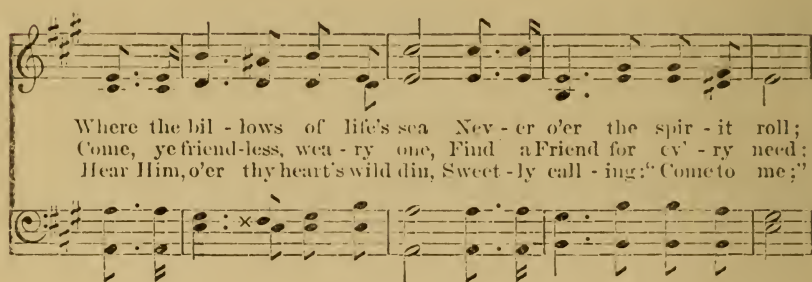
AT JESUS' FEET.

M. E. SERVOS.

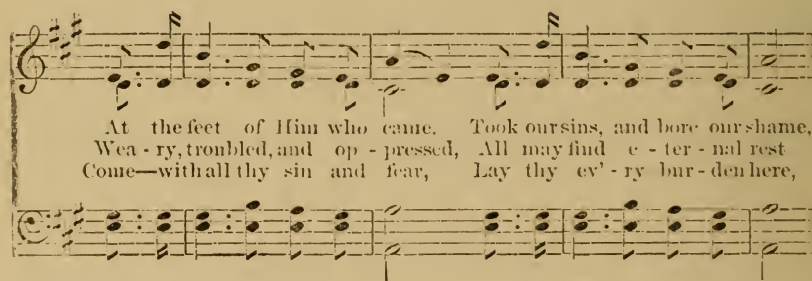
FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

With feeling.


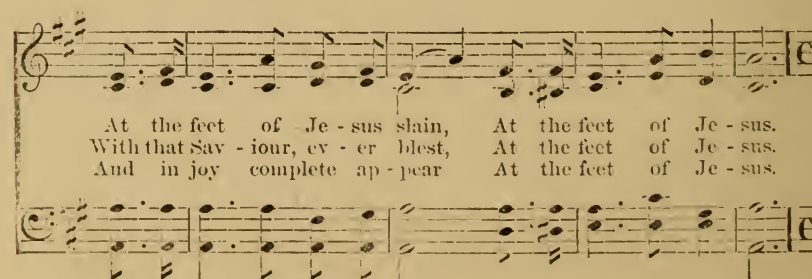
1 I have found a rest com-plete For a wea-ry, troubled soul,
 2 Sinner come, there's room for all, From thy heav-y load be freed;
 2 Here is par-don for each sin, Here is mer-cy, sure and free;



Where the bil-lows of life's sea Nev-er o'er the spir-it roll;
 Come, ye friend-less, wea-ry one, Find a Friend for ev'-ry need;
 Hear Him, o'er thy heart's wild din, Sweet-ly call-ing: "Come to me;"



At the feet of Him who came, Took our sins, and bore our shame,
 Wea-ry, troubled, and op-pressed, All may find e-ter-nal rest
 Come—with all thy sin and fear, Lay thy ev'-ry bur-den here,



At the feet of Je-sus slain, At the feet of Je-sus.
 With that Sav-iour, ev-er blest, At the feet of Je-sus.
 And in joy complete ap-pear At the feet of Je-sus.

AT JESUS' FEET.—Concluded.

25

CHORUS.

At His feet, oh, bless-ed spot! His
At His feet, oh, bless-ed spot!

love it changeth not; And I sit me down and rest At the feet of Je-sus.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

1 Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed . . . be thy name,
2 Give us this day our . . . dai - ly bread,
3 And lead us not into temptation, but deliver . . . us from evil:

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on . . . earth, as it is in heaven.
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive . . . them that trespass a - gainst us.
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever, A - men.

COME TO JESUS, COME.

H. C. McCOOK.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1 Do you mourn a sin - ful spir - it? Come to Je - sus, come;
 2 Do the pow'rs of hell a - larm you? Come to Je - sus, come;
 3 Is your heart with an - guish riv - en? Come to Je - sus, come;

Plead His pas - sion, claim His mer - it, Come to Je - sus, come:
 Christ with sword and shield will arm you, Come to Je - sus, come:
 Here's a balm for sor - row giv - en, Come to Je - sus, come:

Dai - ly bring your wretched load To the Lamb of God;
 Sword of truth and shield of faith Con - quer hell and death;
 Ach - ing hearts may have a cure, Swift and sweet and sure;

Trust the love that stoops to hear it, Come to Je - sus, come.
 Sa - tan then can nev - er harm you, Come to Je - sus, come.
 Je - sus gives it fresh from heav - en, Come to Je - sus, come.

4

Does the hand of want oppress you?
 Come to Jesus, come;
 Christ has boundless wealth to bless you,
 Come to Jesus, come:
 Love of Christ is wealth untold,
 Better far than gold;
 Why should poverty distress you?
 Come to Jesus, come.

5

Does the world desert, deceive you?
 Come to Jesus, come;
 Christ, with welcome, will receive you,
 Come to Jesus, come:
 Though of nearest kin forgot,
 Jesus changes not;
 Jesus' love will never leave you,
 Come to Jesus, come.

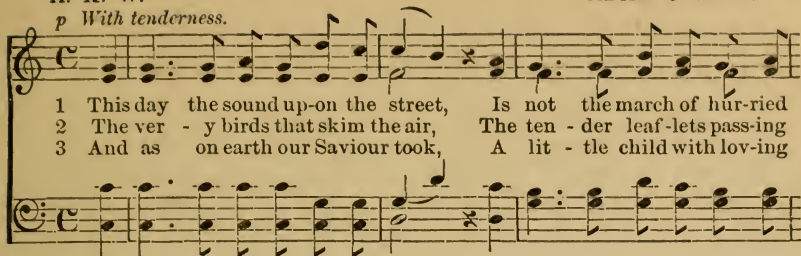
THE CHILDREN'S DAY.

27

A. K. W.

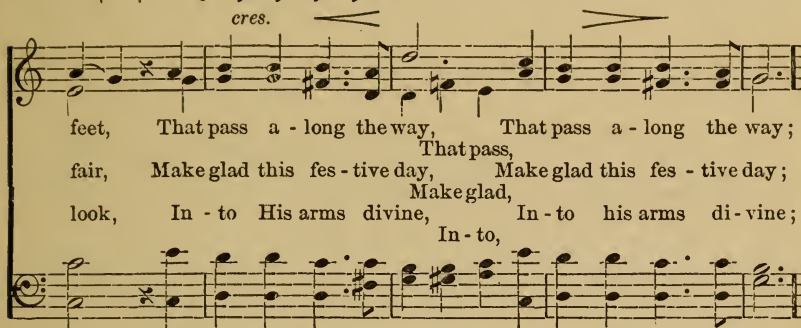
ADAM GEIBEL.

p With tenderness.



1 This day the sound up-on the street, Is not the march of hur-ried
2 The ver - y birds that skim the air, The ten - der leaf-lets pass-ing
3 And as on earth our Saviour took, A lit - tle child with lov-ing

cres.

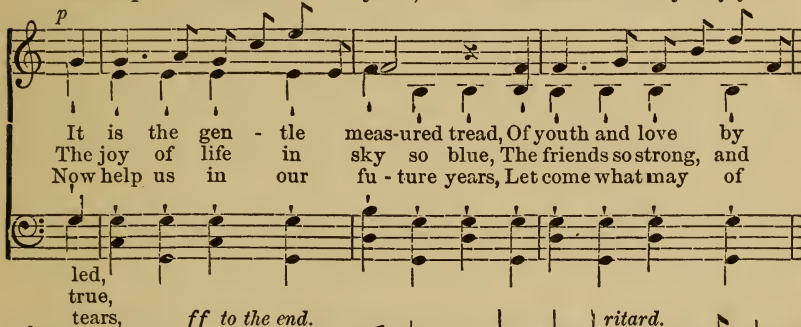


feet, That pass a - long the way, That pass a - long the way;
fair, Make glad this fes - tive day, That pass, Make glad this fes - tive day;
look, In - to His arms divine, Make glad, In - to his arms di - vine;
In - to,

It is the gen - tle measured tread,
The joy of life in sky so blue,
Now help us in our fu - ture years,

Of youth and love by glad hope
The friends so strong, and tried, and
Let come what may of joy or

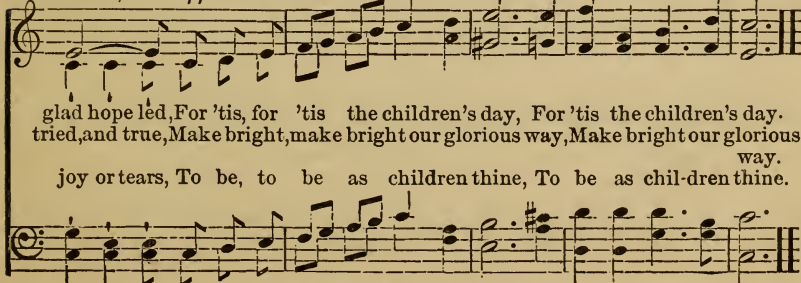
p



It is the gen - tle meas - ured tread, Of youth and love by
The joy of life in sky so blue, The friends so strong, and
Now help us in our fu - ture years, Let come what may of
led,
true,
tears,

ff to the end.

ritard.



glad hope led, For 'tis, for 'tis the children's day, For 'tis the children's day.
tried, and true, Make bright, make bright our glorious way, Make bright our glorious
joy or tears, To be, to be as children thine, To be as chil - dren thine.
way.

WELCOME HOME.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

Not too slow.

1 Oh, what has Je - sus done for me? He died to save my soul;
 2 He help - eth me in time of need, By His al - mighty grace;
 3 Ex - alt - ed at my Fa - ther's side, My man - sion He pre - pares,
 4 He is my Lord, my ris - en Friend, He reigns up - on the throne,

My sins are great, His mer - cy free, His blood hath made me whole.
 For me He ev - er - more doth plead, And I shall see His face.
 My home of glo - ry he'll pro - vide, He an - swers all my prayers.
 And He will keep me to the end, Thro' faith in Him a - lone.

CHORUS.

He shed His pre - cious blood for me, He gave His pre - cious life for me,

D. S. The Sav - iour in glo - ry pleads for me, And bids me wel come home.

FINE.

D. S. Welcome, welcome home, welcome, welcome home. And bids me welcome home;
 welcome home, welcome home,

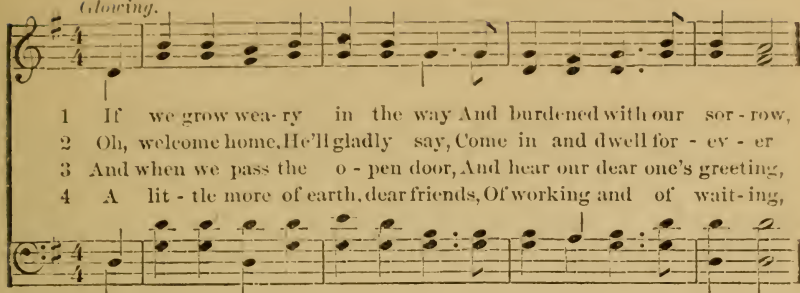
WHEN WE GET HOME.

29

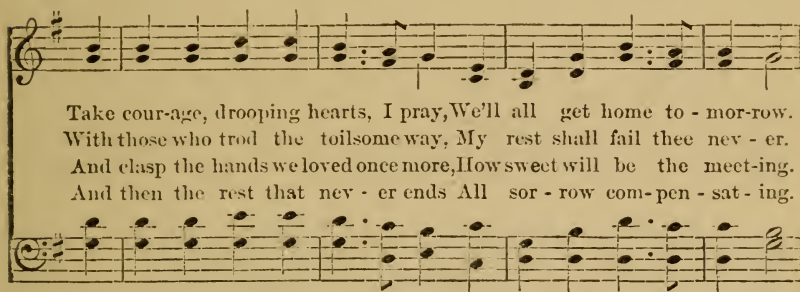
E. E. REXFORD.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

Glorious.

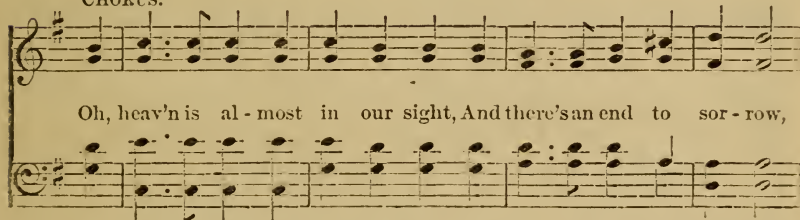


1 If we grow wear-y in the way And burdened with our sor-row,
 2 Oh, welcome home, He'll gladly say, Come in and dwell for - ev - er
 3 And when we pass the o - pen door, And hear our dear one's greeting,
 4 A lit - tle more of earth, dear friends, Of working and of wait-ing,

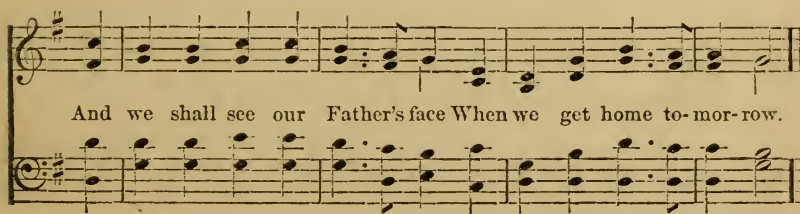


Take cour-age, drooping hearts, I pray, We'll all get home to - mor-row.
 With those who trod the toilsome way, My rest shall fail thee nev - er.
 And clasp the hands we loved once more, How sweet will be the meet-ing.
 And then the rest that nev - er ends All sor - row com-pen - sat-ing.

CHORUS.



Oh, heav'n is al - most in our sight, And there's an end to sor-row,

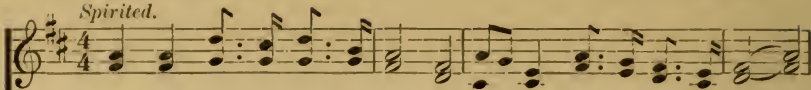


And we shall see our Father's face When we get home to-mor-row.

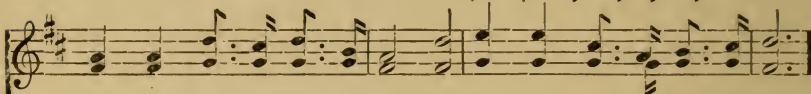
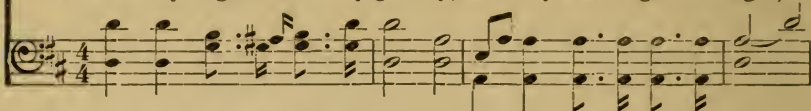
AT THE CRYSTAL SEA.

C. WORDSWORTH.

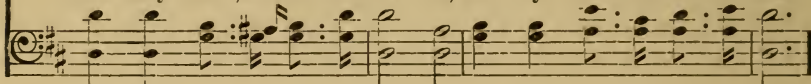
GEO. C. HUGG.

Spirited.

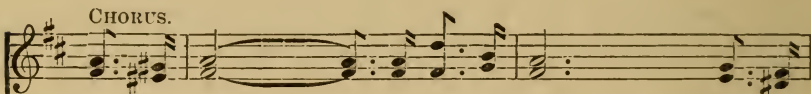
- 1 Hark, the sound of Ho - ly voic - es Chanting at the crystal sea,
- 2 Mul - titudes which none can num - ber, Like the stars in glo - ry stand,
- 3 They have come from trib - u - la - tion, And have washed their robes in blood,
- 4 Now they reign in heavenly glo - ry, Now they walk in gold - en light,



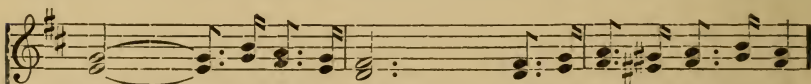
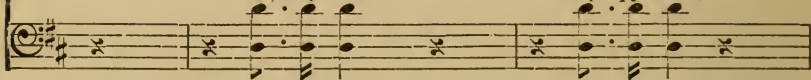
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Lord to Thee.
 Clothed in white ap - par - el hold - ing Vic - tor palms in ev' - ry hand.
 Washed them in the blood of Je - sus, Tried they were, and steadfast stood.
 Now they drink, as from a riv - er, Ho - ly bliss and in - fi - nite.



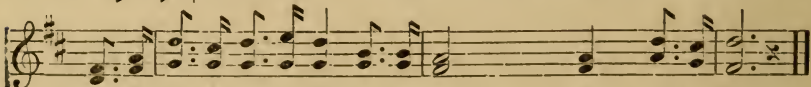
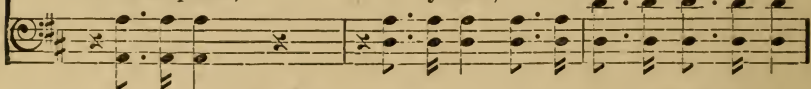
CHORUS.



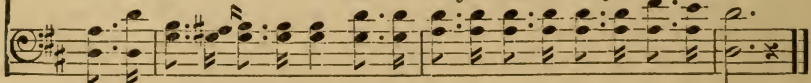
See, they stand . . . a hap - py band, Vic - tor
 See, they stand hap - py band,



palms . . . in ev' - ry hand, Chanting at the crys - tal sea,
 Vic - tor palms, ev' - ry hand,



In their heav'nly melo - dy, Hal - le - lu - - - jah! Lord to Thee.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!



"ROCK OF THE DESERT."

31

Rev. H. C. McCOOK, D. D.

JAS. M. NORTH.

1 { Mer - ci - ful Sav - iour, Lov - er of sin - ners, Par - don the
2 { Pa - tient - ly hear me, ten - der - ly spare me, Pit - y the
2 { Wea - ry of wand' - ring o - ver the des - ert, Bar - ren of
Faint - ing for nur - ture, droop - ing for shel - ter, Rock of the

1. 2. Fine.

sin - ner that cries un - to Thee ; } Lover of sin - ners, mer - ci - ful
sor - row that urg - es my (Omit) plea : }
ver - dure and burning with heat ; }
Des - ert, be thou my re - (Omit) - treat : } Under thy cool - ing shadow re -

Sav - iour, Par - don the sin - ner su - ing thy fav - or, Hum - bly con -
- clin - ing, While the hot sun is fer - vent - ly shin - ing, Glad - ly I'll

D. C.

- fess - ing e - vil be - hav - ior, Craving for - give - ness, Je - sus, of Thee.
stay till e - ven's de - clin - ing, Rock of the Des - ert, sin - ner's Re - treat.

3

4

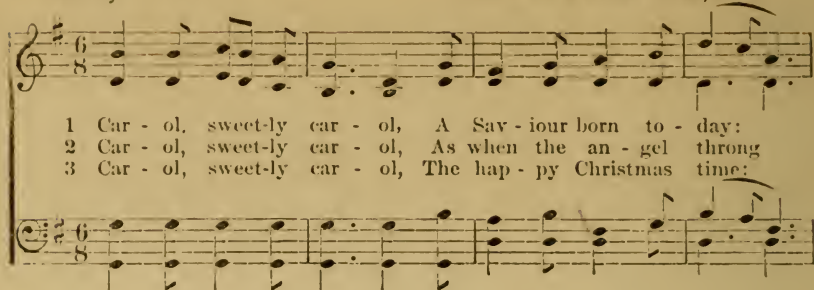
Hopelessly straying far in the forest,
Nightfall is nearing the further I roam ;
Torn by the wild wood, fearing the wild
beast,
Guide of the wilderness, show me my
home :
Herbs for my healing thou wilt discover,
Thou art the Fear of each forest rover ;
Paths through the wild wood thou wilt
uncover,
Guide of the forest, lead to my home.

Helplessly drifting over the ocean,
Beaten by tempest and toss'd by the
wave ;
Night is around me, breakers before me,
Pilot of ocean, O, hasten to save :
Out of the harbor speed to my guiding,
Swift to the harbor, joyously gliding,
Safe in the harbor peacefully riding,
Pilot of ocean, Mighty to save.

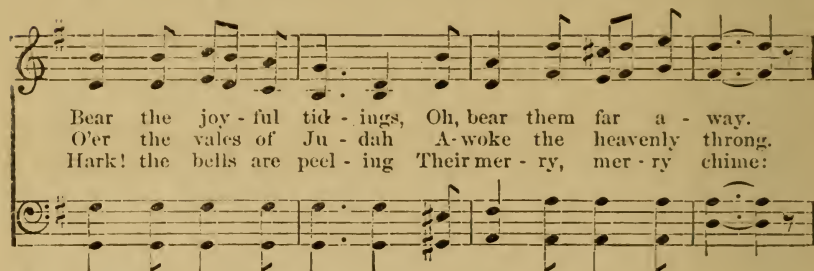
CAROL, SWEETLY CAROL.

Arr. by

Rev. H. G. BATTERSON, D. D.



1 Car - ol, sweet-ly car - ol, A Sav - iour born to - day:
 2 Car - ol, sweet-ly car - ol, As when the an - gel throng
 3 Car - ol, sweet-ly car - ol, The hap - py Christnas time:



Bear the joy - ful tid - ings, Oh, bear them far a - way.
 O'er the vales of Ju - dah A-woke the heavenly throng.
 Hark! the bells are peel - ing Their mer - ry, mer - ry chime:



Car - ol, sweet - ly car - ol, Till earth's re - mot - est bound
 Car - ol, sweet - ly car - ol, Good-will, and Peace, and Love;
 Car - ol, sweet - ly car - ol, Ye shin - ing ones a - bove,



Shall hear the might-y cho - rus, And ech - o back the sound.
 Sing glo - ry in the high - est To God, Who reigns a - bove.
 And sing in loudest num - bers, Oh, sing re-deem - ing Love!

CAROL, SWEETLY CAROL.—Concluded. 33

CHORUS.

Car - ol, sweet - ly car - ol, Car - ol sweetly to - day.
 Car - - ol, car - ol,
 Car - ol, carol, car - ol sweetly to - day.

Bear the joy - ful tid - ings, Oh, bear them far a - way.

O LORD, WE LOVE THY NAME.

L. S. E. L.

ULFWIN.

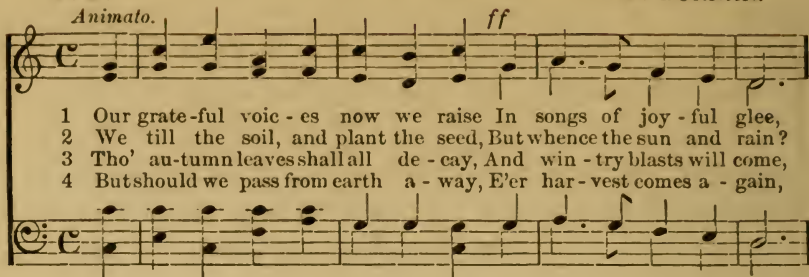
1 O Lord, we love thy name: Pro - tect us by thy power, In
 2 Oh, keep us all thine own! Pre - serve us day by day! Make
 3 Lo, when life's eve draws nigh We'll dread not death's a - larms, With

sor - row, sick - ness, joy and health, And in our last dread hour.
 us to love Thee more and more, And earn - est when we pray.
 Thou our Guide, and, un - der - neath, The Ev - er - last - ing Arms.

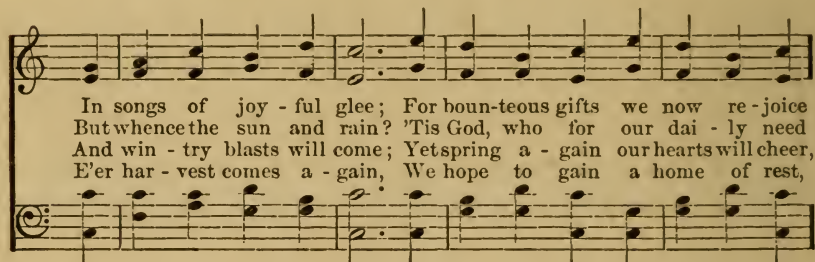
HARVEST HOME SONG.

W. D.

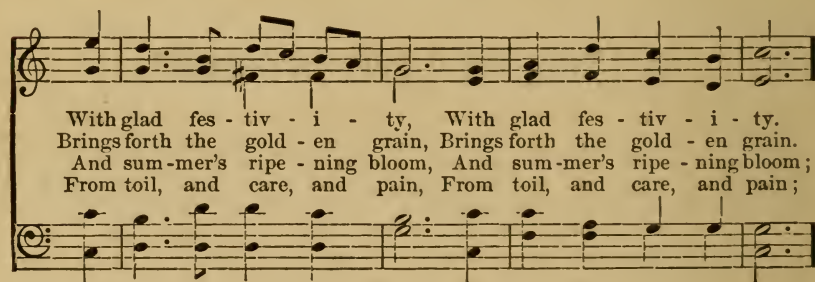
W. DORNAN.

*Animato.**ff*


1 Our grate-ful voic-es now we raise In songs of joy-ful glee,
 2 We till the soil, and plant the seed, But whence the sun and rain?
 3 Tho' au-tumn leaves shall all de-cay, And win-try blasts will come,
 4 But should we pass from earth a-way, E'er har-vest comes a-gain,

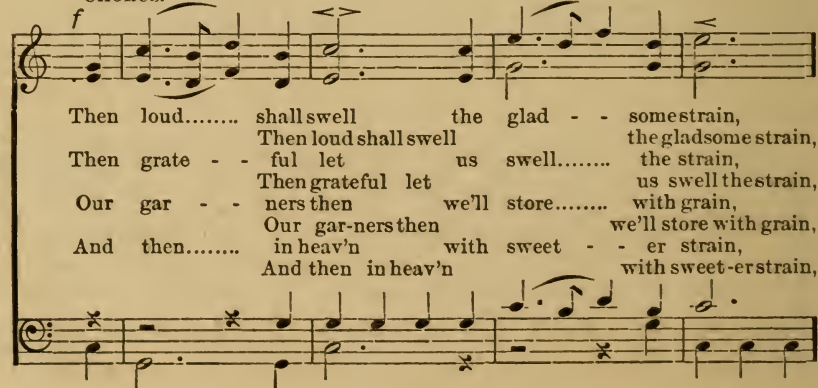


In songs of joy-ful glee; For boun-teous gifts we now re-joice
 But whence the sun and rain? 'Tis God, who for our dai-ly need
 And win-try blasts will come; Yet spring a-gain our hearts will cheer,
 E'er har-vest comes a-gain, We hope to gain a home of rest,



With glad fes-tiv-i-ty, With glad fes-tiv-i-ty.
 Brings forth the gold-en grain, Brings forth the gold-en grain.
 And sum-mer's ripe-n-ing bloom, And sum-mer's ripe-n-ing bloom;
 From toil, and care, and pain, From toil, and care, and pain;

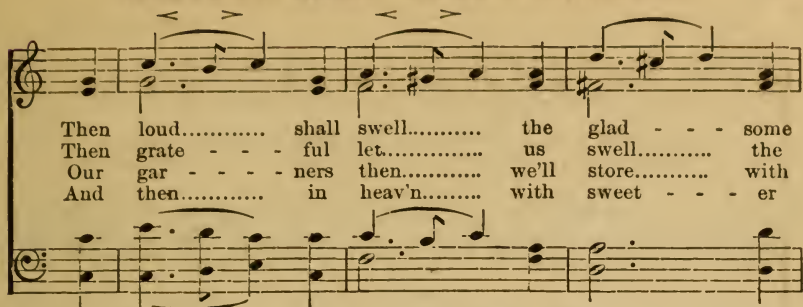
CHORUS.



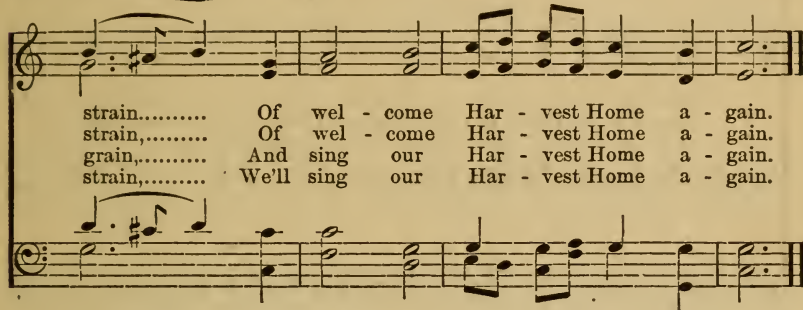
Then loud..... shall swell the glad - - some strain,
 Then loud shall swell the glad some strain,
 Then grate - - ful let us swell..... the strain,
 Then grateful let us swell the strain,
 Our gar - - ners then we'll store..... with grain,
 Our gar-ners then we'll store with grain,
 And then..... in heav'n with sweet - - er strain,
 And then in heav'n with sweet-er strain,

HARVEST HOME SONG.—Concluded.

35



Then loud..... shall swell..... the glad - - - some
 Then grate - - - ful let..... us swell..... the
 Our gar - - - ners then..... we'll store..... with
 And then..... in heav'n..... with sweet - - - er

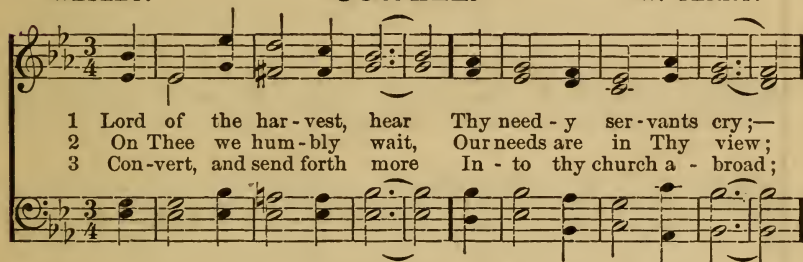


strain..... Of wel - come Har - vest Home a - gain.
 strain..... Of wel - come Har - vest Home a - gain.
 grain..... And sing our Har - vest Home a - gain.
 strain..... We'll sing our Har - vest Home a - gain.

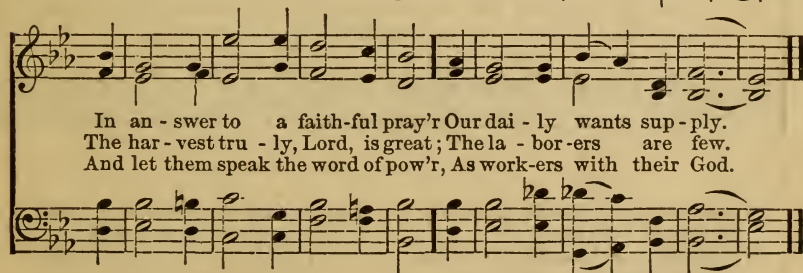
WESLEY.

OSWELL.

W. TERRY.



1 Lord of the har-vest, hear Thy need-y ser-vants cry;—
 2 On Thee we hum-bly wait, Our needs are in Thy view;
 3 Con-vert, and send forth more In-to thy church a-broad;



In an-swer to a faith-ful pray'r Our dai-ly wants sup-ply.
 The har-vest tru-ly, Lord, is great; The la-bor-ers are few.
 And let them speak the word of pow'r, As work-ers with their God.

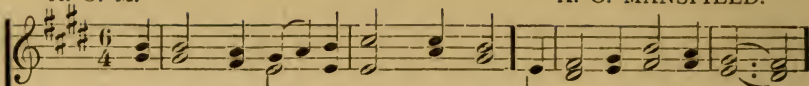
4 Give out the gospel word,
 The word of general grace;
 Thee let them preach, the common
 The Saviour of our race. [Lord,

5 Oh, let them spread thy name
 Their mission fully prove;
 Thy universal grace proclaim,
 Thy all-redeeming love.

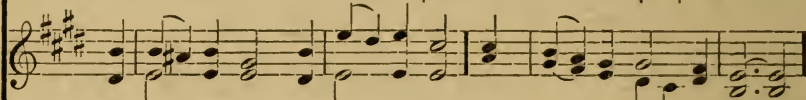
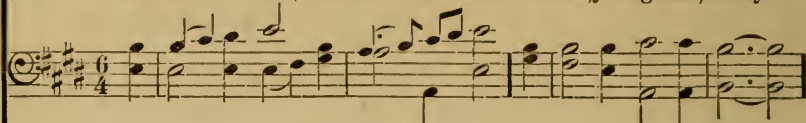
COME UNTO ME.

A. O. M.

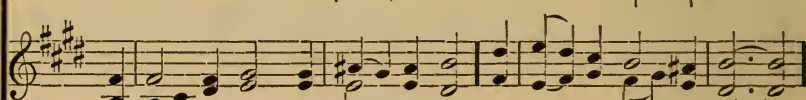
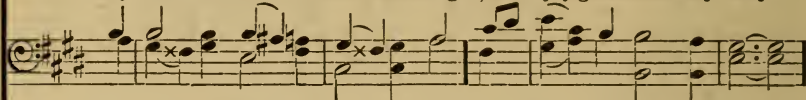
A. O. MANSFIELD.



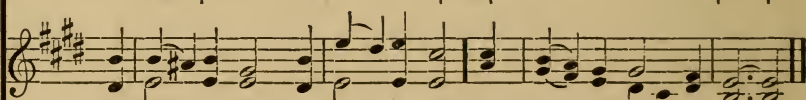
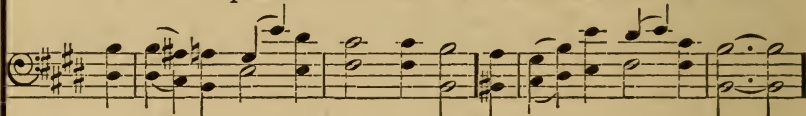
1 "Come un - to Me," the Sav - iour saith To thee, O ten - der youth!
 2 "Come un - to Me," the Sav - iour saith To thee, young man, to-day!



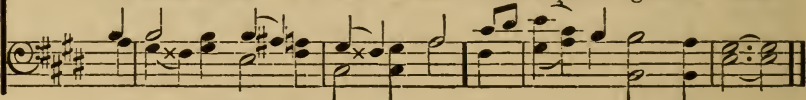
"Now in the morn - ing of thy days Re - ceive the word of truth.
 "Thy life is now in noon - tide bright, And joy gleams on thy way.



Give Me thy heart, and learn of Me To walk in wis - dom's way,
 Let not the pleas - ures of the world — Its fame and its re - nown —



And ear - ly tread the nar - row path Which leads to end - less day."
 E'er cause thee at the last to lose The conqueror's gold - en crown."



3

"Come unto Me," the Saviour saith
 To thee, O aged one,
 Whose day now draweth to its close,
 Whose course has almost run:
 "In Me alone canst thou find rest
 When this life's toils are done;
 Yield to My love, and thou shalt own
 Thy life anew begun."

4

Thus saith the Saviour to us all,
 In gentle tones and mild;
 To you He calls, O weary souls!
 And you by sin defiled.
 Oh, take the yoke, the burden light,
 He offers you to bear!
 Oh, pause, amid prevailing strife,
 His still, small voice to hear.

GOLDEN SHEAVES.

37

E. A.

E. AINSWORTH.

1 Look round on wav-ing corn-field And rich, ex-ten-ding plain,

See how the loft-y stalks bend down Beneath the gold-en grain:

'Tis read-y for the reap-ers, With scythe and wain, to come

And gath-er in the teeming wealth With shouts of Harvest Home!

2

Look on the world around you,
Mark how the Lord's great field
Stands ready, rife with souls of men,
Its living sheaves to yield.
But, oh, though great the harvest,
How few with sickles bright
Are found rejoicing in the work,
That claims their willing might!

3

O God, the while we gather,
With joy and thanks sincere,
The fruits with which thy boundless love
Has crowned another year;
With humbled hearts we pray Thee,
Behold our deep-felt need,
And send more lab'ers, strong in love,
Thy glorious work to speed.

OPENING HYMN.

Rev. H. C. McCOOK, D. D.

Arr. from COSTA

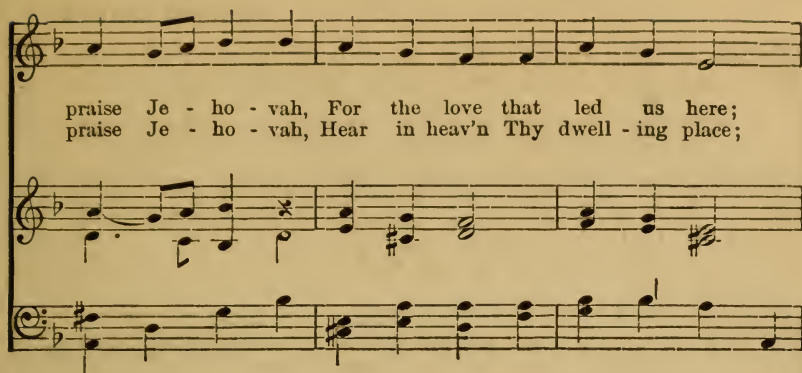
1 Lord Je - ho - vah, in Thy tem - ple, We Thy chil - dren
 D. C. Hal - le - lu - jah! praise Je - ho - vah, For the love that
 2 When on each re - turn - ing Sab - bath We re - turn to
 D. C. Hal - le - lu - jah! praise Je - ho - vah, Hear in heav'n Thy

now ap - pear, Bring - ing in - cense of thanks-giv - ing
 led us here; Hal - le - lu - jah! praise Je - ho - vah,
 seek Thy face, Lord, ac - cept thy chil - dren's wor - ship,
 dwell - ing place; Hal - le - lu - jah! praise Je - ho - vah,

FINE.

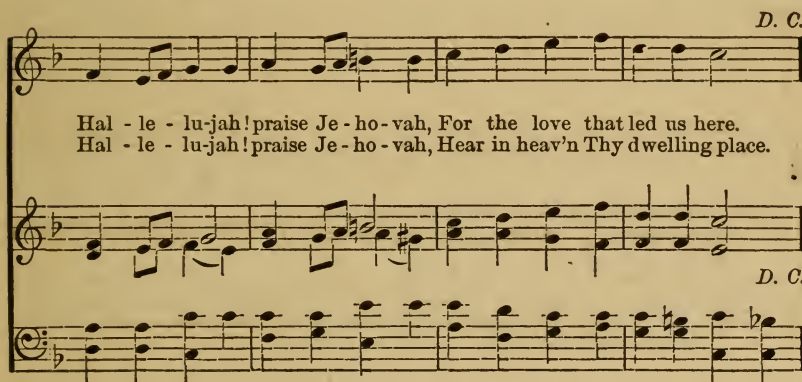
For the love that led us here. Hal - le - lu - jah!
 For the love that led us here. Hal - le - lu - jah!
 Hear in heav'n Thy dwell - ing place. Hal - le - lu - jah!
 Hear in heav'n Thy dwell - ing place.

FINE.



praise Je - ho - vah, For the love that led us here;
praise Je - ho - vah, Hear in heav'n Thy dwell - ing place;

D. C.



Hal - le - lu-jah! praise Je - ho - vah, For the love that led us here.
Hal - le - lu-jah! praise Je - ho - vah, Hear in heav'n Thy dwelling place.

D. C.

3

When our voices, loudly swelling,
Through this temple sing thy praise,
Lord, receive the joyous homage
That our grateful spirits raise.
::Hallelujah! praise Jehovah,
Jesus, hear our song of praise;
Hallelujah! praise Jehovah,
Jesus, hear our song of praise.::

4

When we come, our sin confessing,
Seeking pardon here of Thee;
Pleading here the Saviour's merit,
Lord, accept the sinner's plea.

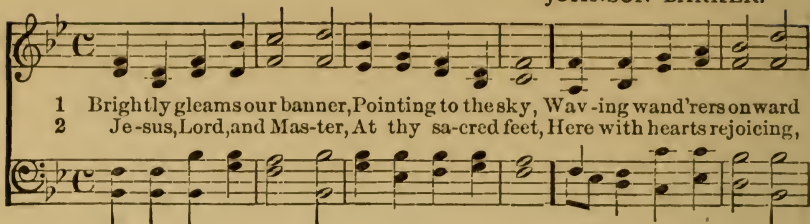
::: Hallelujah! praise Jehovah,
Lord, accept the sinner's plea;
Hallelujah! praise Jehovah,
Lord, accept the sinner's plea.:::

5

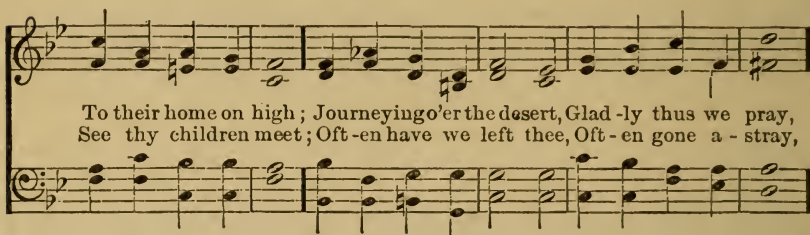
Thus, as in Thy earthly temple,
Day by day we wait on Thee;
In each heart Thy Spirit dwelling,
May we all Thy temples be.
::: Hallelujah! praise Jehovah,
May we all Thy temples be;
Hallelujah! praise Jehovah,
May we all Thy temples be.:::

ARMY OF CHRIST.

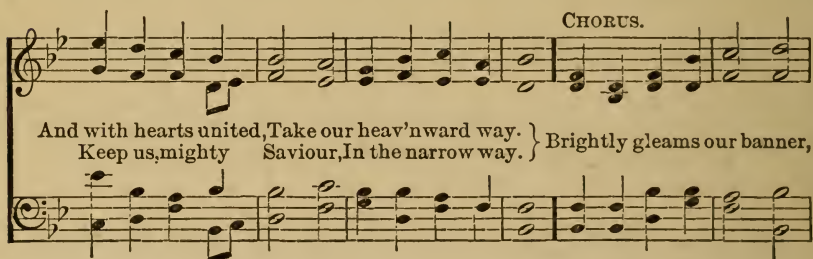
JOHNSON BARKER.



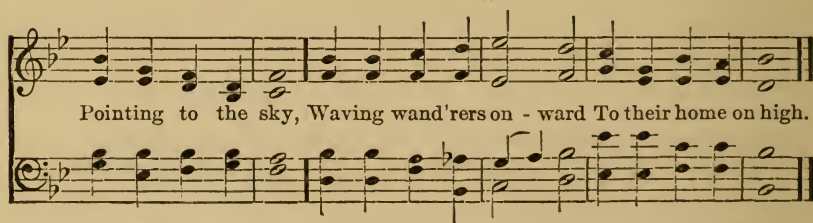
1 Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'ers on ward
2 Je-sus, Lord, and Mas-ter, At thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts rejoicing,



To their home on high; Journeying o'er the desert, Glad-ly thus we pray,
See thy children meet; Oft-en have we left thee, Oft-en gone a - stray,



And with hearts united, Take our heav'nward way. } Brightly gleams our banner,
Keep us, mighty Saviour, In the narrow way. }



Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'ers on - ward To their home on high.

3

All our days direct us,
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe;
Bid thine angels shield us,
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon thou and save us
In the last dread hour.—CHO.

4

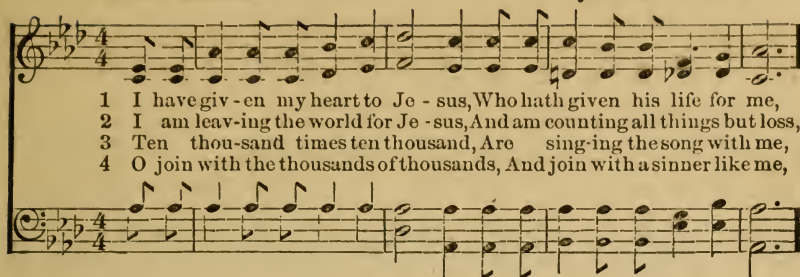
Then with Saints and Angels
May we join above,
Offering endless praises
At thy throne of love;
When the toil is over,
Then comes rest and peace,—
Jesus, in his beauty;—
Songs that never cease.—CHO.

THE SOUL'S NEW SONG.

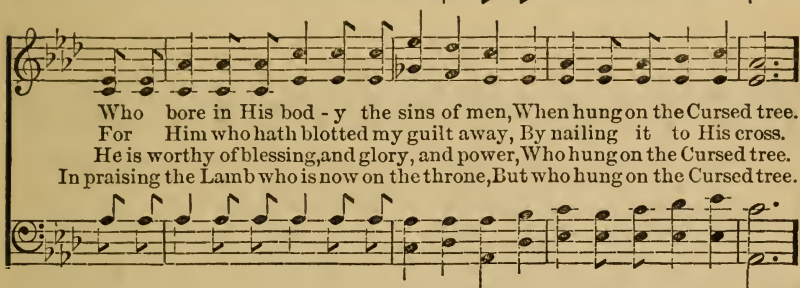
41

H. C. McCOOK.

JAS. M. NORTH.

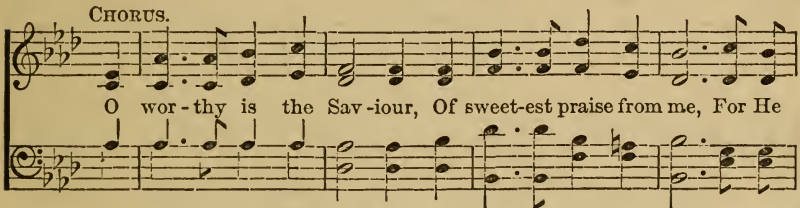


1 I have giv-en my heart to Je - sus, Who hath given his life for me,
 2 I am leav-ing the world for Je - sus, And am counting all things but loss,
 3 Ten thou-sand times ten thousand, Are sing-ing the song with me,
 4 O join with the thousands of thousands, And join with a sinner like me,

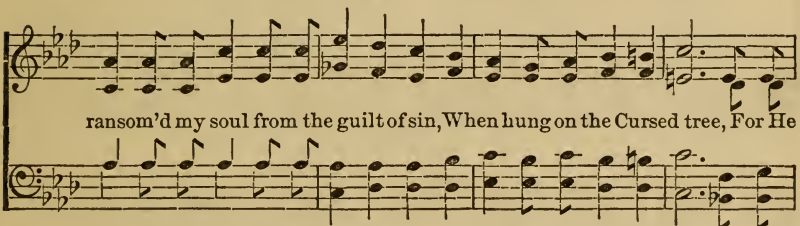


Who bore in His bod-y the sins of men, When hung on the Cursed tree.
 For Him who hath blotted my guilt away, By nailing it to His cross.
 He is worthy of blessing, and glory, and power, Who hung on the Cursed tree.
 In praising the Lamb who is now on the throne, But who hung on the Cursed tree.

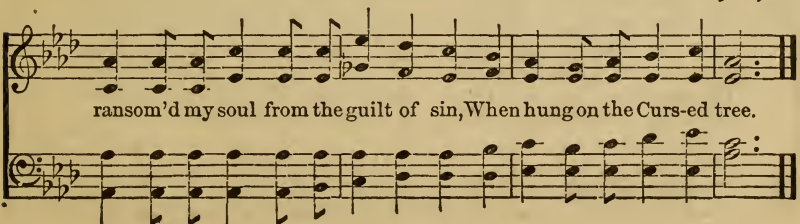
CHORUS.



O wor-thy is the Sav-iour, Of sweet-est praise from me, For He



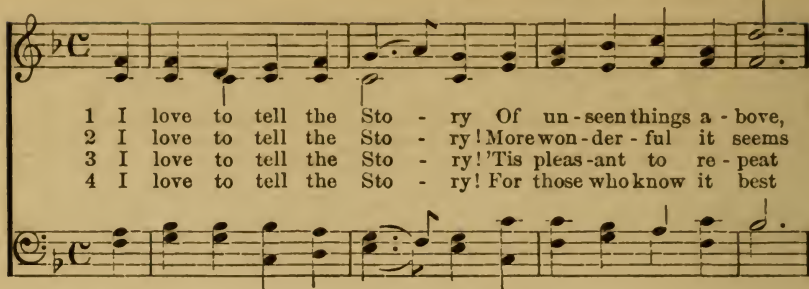
ransom'd my soul from the guilt of sin, When hung on the Cursed tree, For He



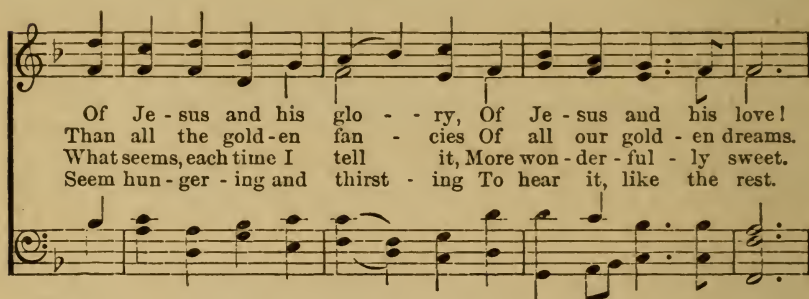
ransom'd my soul from the guilt of sin, When hung on the Curs-ed tree.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

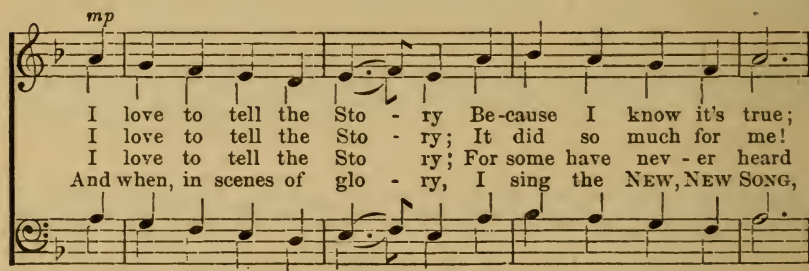
Dr. ARTHUR S. HOLLOWAY.



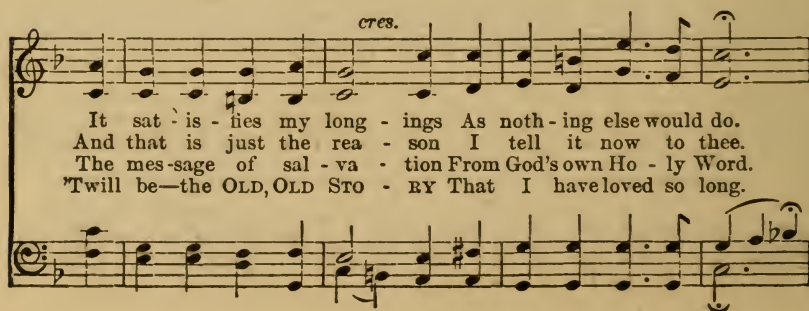
1 I love to tell the Sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove,
 2 I love to tell the Sto - ry! More won - der - ful it seems
 3 I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat
 4 I love to tell the Sto - ry! For those who know it best



Of Je - sus and his glo - - ry, Of Je - sus and his love!
 Than all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams.
 What seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet.
 Seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it, like the rest.



mp
 I love to tell the Sto - ry Be - cause I know it's true;
 I love to tell the Sto - ry; It did so much for me!
 I love to tell the Sto - ry; For some have nev - er heard
 And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,



cres.
 It sat - is - ties my long - ings As noth - ing else would do.
 And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
 The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own Ho - ly Word.
 'Twill be—the OLD, OLD STO - RY That I have loved so long.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.—Concluded. 43

CHORUS.

I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry

To tell the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love!

C. MALAN.

IT IS NOT DYING.

M. MOSES.

1 No, no, it is not dy-ing To go un-to our God; This gloomy earth for-
2 No, no, it is not dy-ing Heav'n's citi-zen to be; A crown immor-tal

- sak - ing, Our jour-ney homeward taking A - long the star - ry road.
wear - ing, And rest un-bro - ken shar-ing, From care and con-flict free.

3

No, no, it is not dying
To hear this gracious word,
Receive a Father's blessing,
For evermore possessing
The favor of the Lord.

4

No, no, it is not dying
The Shepherd's voice to know,
His sheep He ever leadeth,
His peaceful flock He feedeth,
Where living pastures grow.

5

No, no, it is not dying
To wear a lordly crown;
Among God's people dwelling,
The glorious triumph swelling
Of Him whose sway we own.

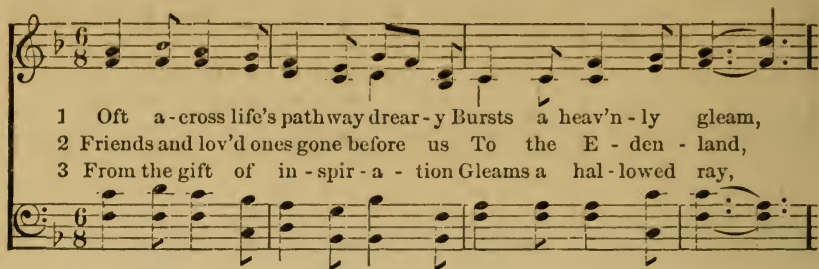
6

Oh, no, this is not dying,
Thou Saviour of mankind:
There streams of love are flowing,
No hindrance ever knowing;
Here drops alone we find.

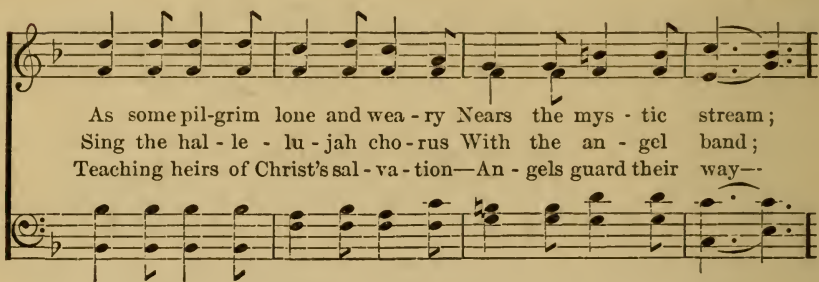
WAITING FOR US.

A. S. DOUGHTY.

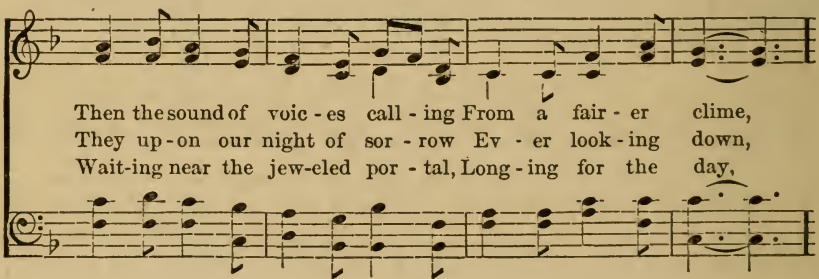
GEO. C. HUGG.



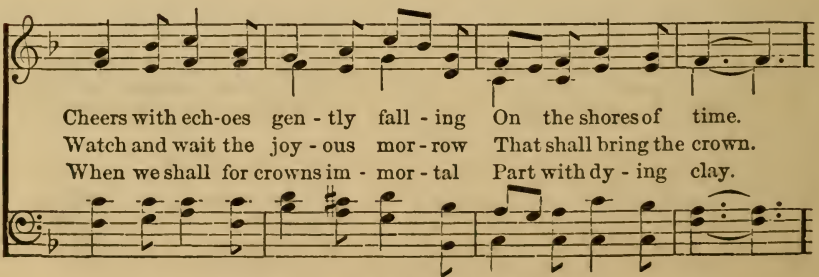
1 Oft a-cross life's pathway drear-y Bursts a heav'n-ly gleam,
 2 Friends and lov'd ones gone before us To the E-den-land,
 3 From the gift of in-spir-a-tion Gleams a hal-lowed ray,



As some pil-grim lone and wea-ry Nears the mys-tic stream;
 Sing the hal-le-lu-jah cho-rus With the an-gel band;
 Teaching heirs of Christ's sal-va-tion—An-gels guard their way—



Then the sound of voic-es call-ing From a fair-er clime,
 They up-on our night of sor-row Ev-er look-ing down,
 Wait-ing near the jew-eled por-tal, Long-ing for the day,

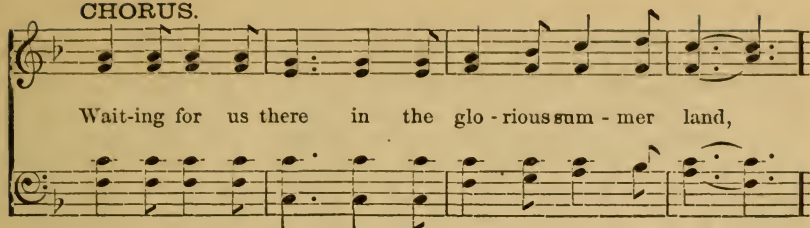


Cheers with ech-oes gen-tly fall-ing On the shores of time.
 Watch and wait the joy-ous mor-row That shall bring the crown.
 When we shall for crowns im-mor-tal Part with dy-ing clay.

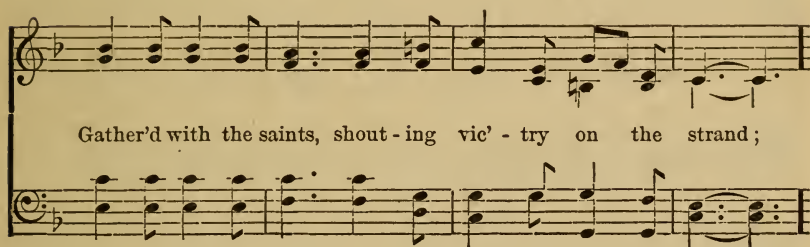
WAITING FOR US. Concluded.

45

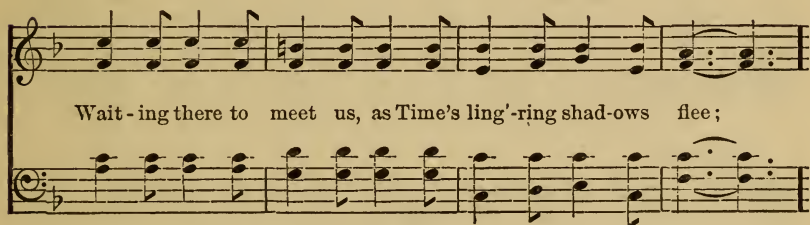
CHORUS.



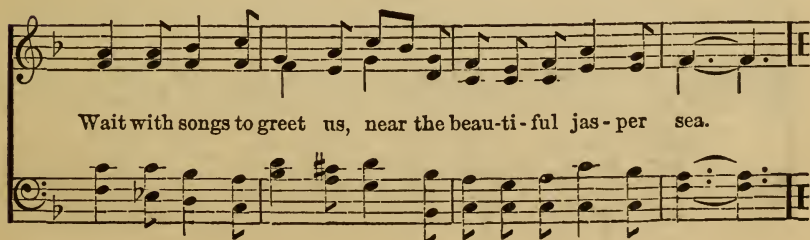
Wait-ing for us there in the glo - rious sum - mer land,



Gather'd with the saints, shout - ing vic' - try on the strand;



Wait - ing there to meet us, as Time's ling'-ring shad-ows flee;



Wait with songs to greet us, near the beau-ti-ful jas - per sea.

FORTH TO THE FIELD.

J. E. H.

J. E. HALL.

1 The har - vest - field is now a - wait - ing, All whitened
 2 The lab' - rers are so few in num - ber, The field so
 3 The har - vest - time will soon be o - ver, Then for - ward

for the sic - kle keen, Go forth then, lab' - rers, to the
 large and ver - y white; I fear some grain will go un -
 to the field to - day, And toil with earn - est, strong en -

reap - ing, And gath - er quick the rip - ened grain.
 - gar - nered, Then let us work with all our might.
 - deav - or To gar - ner grain while now we may.

Chorus.

Forth! to the field! Forth! to the field, And gar - ner

grain while time shall last; Forth! to the field, Forth!

to the field, Be - fore the har - vest days are past.

ABIDE WITH ME.

H. F. LYTE.

W. H. MONK.

1 A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven-tide; The dark-ness
 2 Not a brief-glance I beg, a pass-ing word, But as Thou
 3 I need Thy pres - ence ev' - ry pass-ing hour; What but Thy
 4 Hold Thou Thy Cross be - fore my clos-ing eyes, Shine through the

deep - ens: Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
 dwell'st with Thy dis - ci - ples, Lord, Fa - mil - iar, con - de -
 grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who like Thy-self my
 gloom, and point me to the skies: Heav'n's morning breaks, and

fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a-bide with me.
 - scend-ing, pa-tient, free, Come, not to sojourn, but a-bide with me.
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a-bide with me.
 earth's vain shadow's flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me.

GOD LEADS US.

J. R. MURRAY. By per.

Slowly.

The cloudshang heavy on my way, I cannot see, But thro' the darkness I

believe God leadeth me; 'Tissweet to keep my hand in His While all is dim,

Quartet.

To close my wea-ry, ach-ing eyes And fol-low Him. 'Tis many a

thorn - y path He leadsmy tir - ed feet, my tir - ed feet, Thro'

many a path of tears I go, But it issweet, 'tis sweet

GOD LEADS US.—Concluded.

49

1st. time *mf.* 2d. time *pp.*

To know that He is close to me, My God, my Guide; He

lead - eth me, and so I walk Quite sat - is - fied.

WILKIE. 6s & 5s.

F. L. ARMSTRONG.

Andante grazioso.

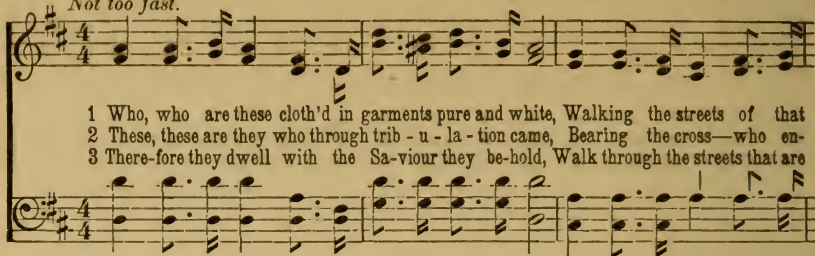
1 God will nev - er leave thee; All thy wants He knows;
2 When in grief we lan - guish, He will dry the tear,
3 All our woe and sad - ness In this world be - low,

Feels the pains that grieve thee, Sees thy cares and woes.
Who His chil - dren's an - guish Soothes with suc - cor near.
Bal - ance not the glad - ness We in heav'n shall know.

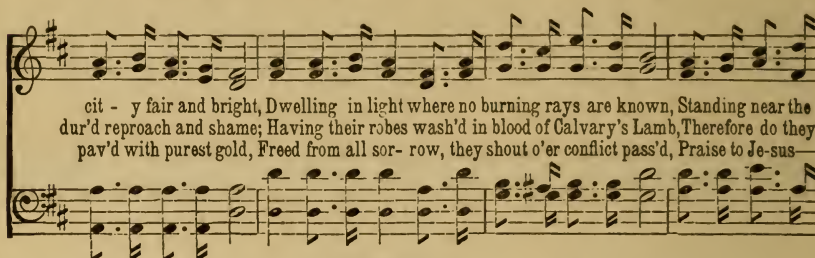
WALKING THE GOLDEN STREETS.

A. S. DOUGHTY.

GEO. C. HUGG.

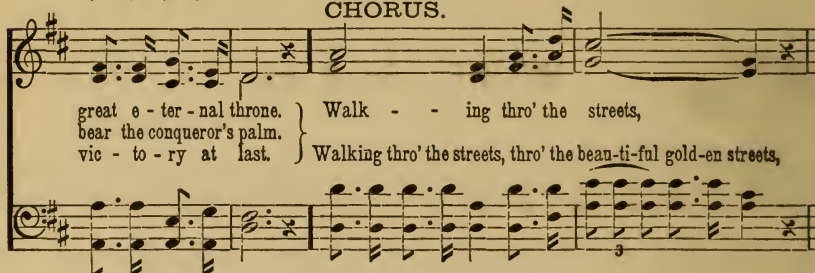
Not too fast.


1 Who, who are these cloth'd in garments pure and white, Walking the streets of that
 2 These, these are they who through trib - u - la - tion came, Bearing the cross—who en-
 3 There-fore they dwell with the Sa-viour they be-hold, Walk through the streets that are



cit - y fair and bright, Dwelling in light where no burning rays are known, Standing near the
 dur'd reproach and shame; Having their robes wash'd in blood of Calvary's Lamb, Therefore do they
 pay'd with purest gold, Freed from all sor- row, they shout o'er conflict pass'd, Praise to Je-sus—

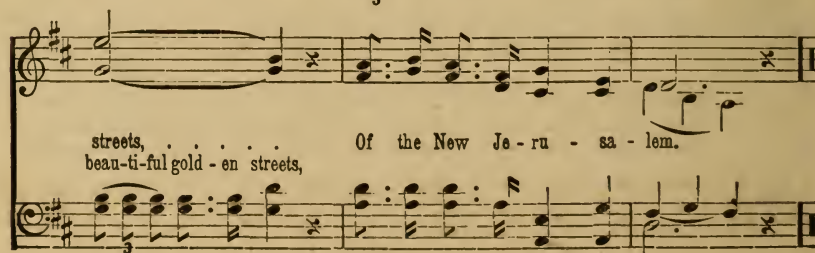
CHORUS.



great e - ter - nal throne. } Walk - - ing thro' the streets,
 bear the conqueror's palm. }
 vic - to - ry at last. } Walking thro' the streets, thro' the beau-ti-ful gold-en streets,



Walk - - ing thro' the streets, Walk - - ing thro' the
 Walking thro' the streets, thro' the beau-ti-ful gold-en streets, Walking thro' the streets, thro' the



streets, Of the New Je - ru - sa - lem.
 beau-ti-ful gold - en streets,

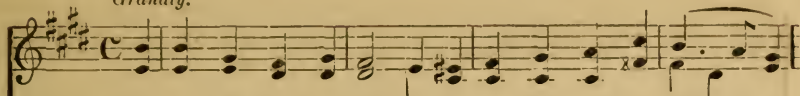
THERE IS A LAND IMMORTAL.

51

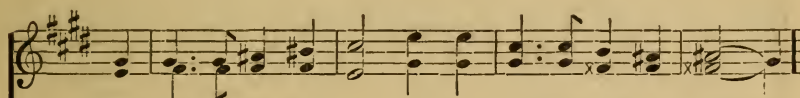
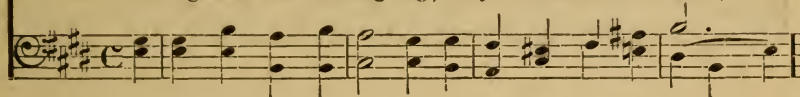
THOMAS MACKELLAR.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

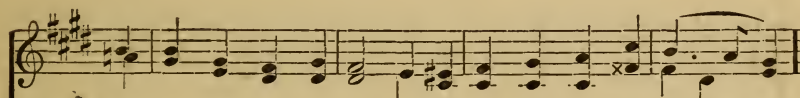
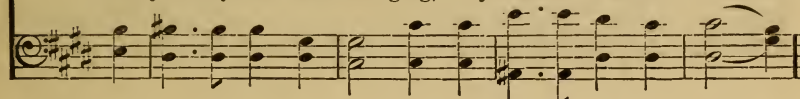
Grandly.



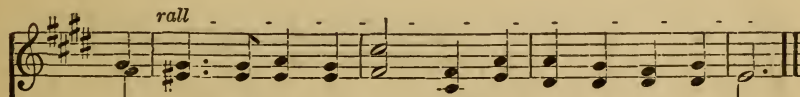
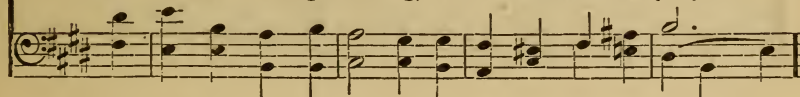
- 1 There is a land im-mor-tal, The beau-ti - ful of lands; . . .
- 2 That glorious land is Heav-en, And Death the sen - try grim: . . .
- 3 Though dark and drear the pas-sage That leadeth to the gate, . . .
- 4 Their sighs are lost in sing-ing; They're blessed in their tears; . . .



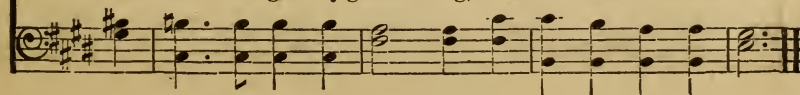
Be - side its an-cient por - tal A sen - try grim - ly stands.
The Lord thereof has giv - en The open - ing keys to him;
Yet grace attends the mes - sage To souls that watch and wait;
Their jour-ney heav'nward winging, They leave on earth their fears.



He on - ly can un-do it, And o - pen wide the door; . . .
And ran-som'd spir - its, sigh-ing And sor - row - ful for sin, . . .
And at the time appoint-ed A mes - sen - ger comes down, . . .
Death like an an - gel seem-ing, "We welcome thee!" they cry: . . .



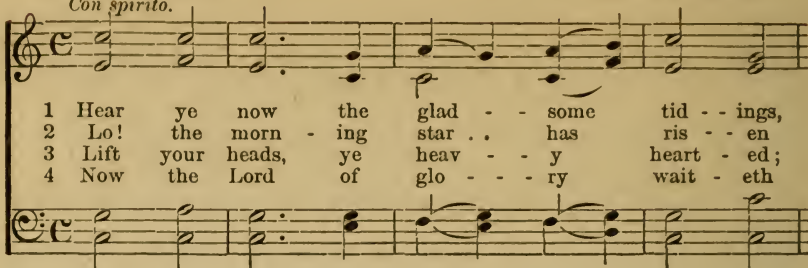
And mor - tals who pass through it Are mor - tal nev - er - more.
Passthrough the gate in dy - ing, And free - ly en - ter in.
And guides the Lord's a - noint - ed From cross to glo - ry's crown.
Their face with glo - ry gleam - ing, 'Tis life for them to die.



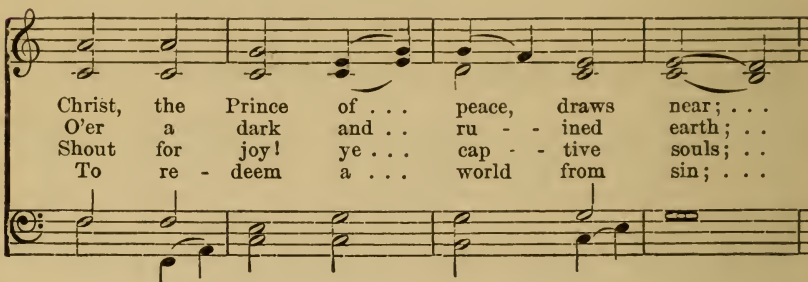
THE GLADSOME TIDINGS.

M. E. SERVOS.

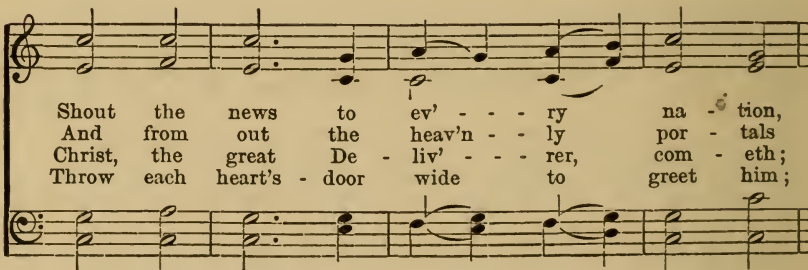
ADAM GEIBEL.

Con spirito.


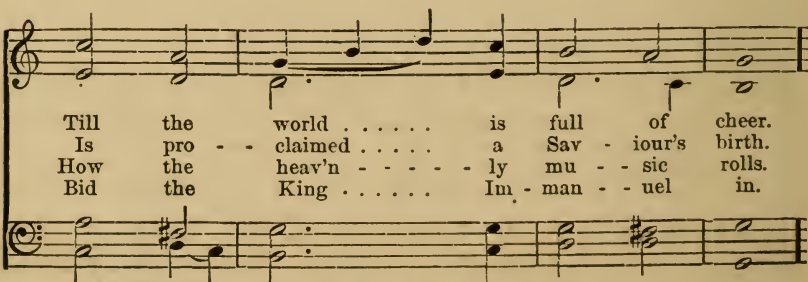
1 Hear ye now the glad - - some tid - - ings,
 2 Lo! the morn - ing star . . has ris - - en
 3 Lift your heads, ye heav - - y heart - ed;
 4 Now the Lord of glo - - - ry wait - eth



Christ, the Prince of . . . peace, draws near; . . .
 O'er a dark and . . ru - - ined earth; . .
 Shout for joy! ye . . . cap - - tive souls; . .
 To re - deem a . . . world from sin; . . .



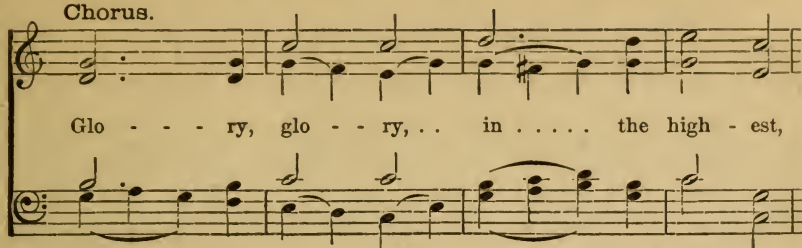
Shout the news to ev' - - - ry na - tion,
 And from out the heav'n - - ly por - tals
 Christ, the great De - liv' - - - rer, com - eth;
 Throw each heart's - door wide to greet him;



Till the world is full of cheer.
 Is pro - - claimed a Sav - iour's birth.
 How the heav'n - - - - ly mu - - sic rolls.
 Bid the King Im - man - - uel in.

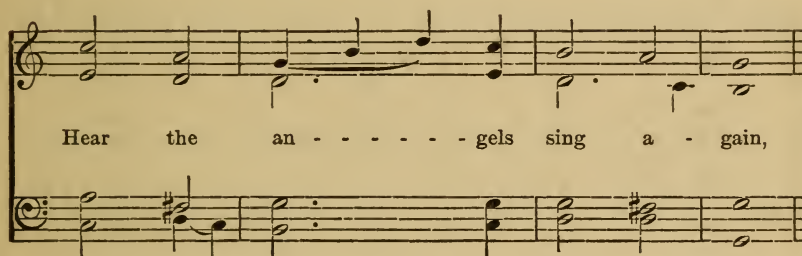
THE GLADSOME TIDINGS.—Concluded. 53

Chorus.



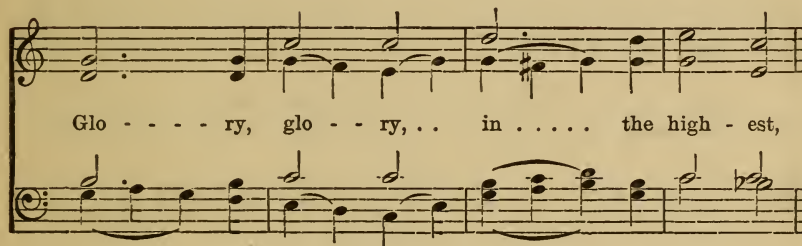
Glo - - - ry, glo - - ry, . . in the high - est,

The first system of the chorus features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G4, a half note A4, and a quarter note B4. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with a quarter note G2, a half note A2, and a quarter note B2. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff.



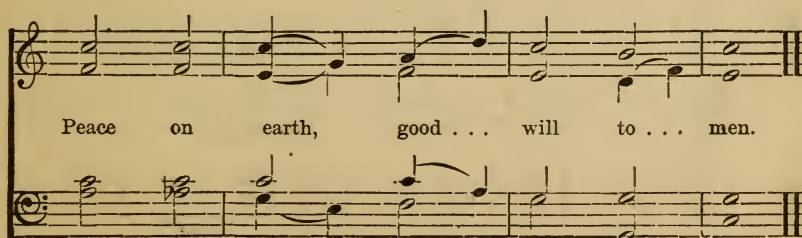
Hear the an - - - - - gels sing a - gain,

The second system continues the melody. The treble staff shows a quarter note C5, a half note D5, and a quarter note E5. The bass staff has a quarter note G2, a half note A2, and a quarter note B2. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff.



Glo - - - ry, glo - - ry, . . in the high - est,

The third system repeats the first line of the chorus. The treble staff has a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G4, a half note A4, and a quarter note B4. The bass staff has a quarter note G2, a half note A2, and a quarter note B2. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff.



Peace on earth, good . . . will to . . . men.

The fourth system concludes the chorus. The treble staff has a quarter note C5, a half note D5, and a quarter note E5. The bass staff has a quarter note G2, a half note A2, and a quarter note B2. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff.

ONLY A SERVANT.

J. E. H.
Trustingly.

J. E. HALL.

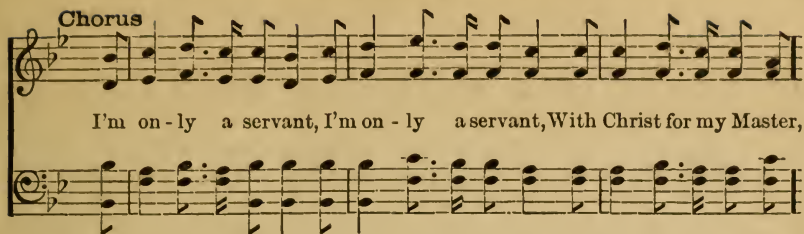
1 Tho' I'm but a ser - vant, With Christ for my Mas - ter,
2 Tho' I'm but a ser - vant, I've boun - ti - ful wag - es,

No la - bor is irk - some, No task is se - vere;
'Tis not paid in dia - monds, Nor sil - ver, nor gold;

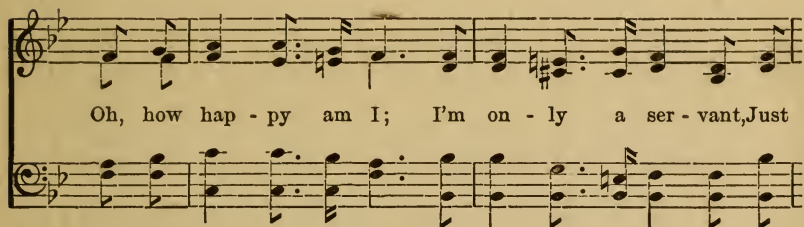
He ev - er is near me, His smile scat - ters sad - ness,
But sweet peace of con - science, With joy all un - meas - ured,

His face beams with sun - shine, His voice fills with cheer.
And love so o'er-whelm-ing, Are wag - es un - told.

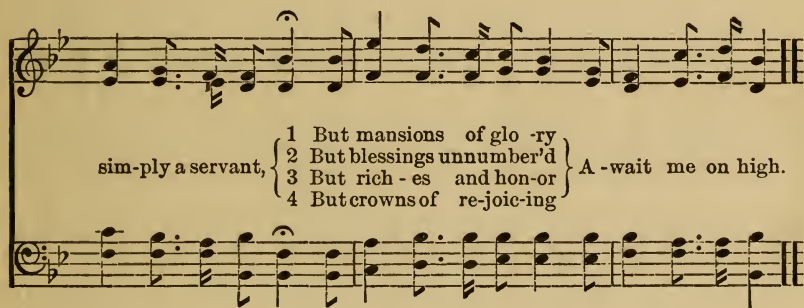
Chorus



I'm on - ly a servant, I'm on - ly a servant, With Christ for my Master,



Oh, how hap - py am I; I'm on - ly a ser - vant, Just



sim - ply a servant, $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 1 \text{ But mansions of glo - ry} \\ 2 \text{ But blessings unnumber'd} \\ 3 \text{ But rich - es and hon - or} \\ 4 \text{ But crowns of re - joic - ing} \end{array} \right\}$ A - wait me on high.

3 Though I'm but a servant,
My Master has riches,
While lavish in giving,
He always has more;
And if some be vile, and
Be filthy, and ragged,
He never turns any
Away from the door.

4 Though I'm but a servant,
And riches I have not,
And treasures of earth I
Have none laid in store:
But still I'm an heir to
The glories of heaven,
There, there are my treasures,
Which last evermore.

SEEK THE LORD.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

Joyously.

1 "Seek the Lord and ye shall live," Seek the Lord and he'll for-give;
 2 "Seek the Lord and ye shall live," This your pray'r, "I do be-lieve;"
 3 "Seek the Lord and ye shall live," He is seek-ing you to save;

Seek Him, sin-ner, as you are, Seek the Lord in earn-est prayer;
 Seek Him ear-ly, now, to-day, Seek the Lord with-out de-lay;
 Now He's call-ing, hear Him cry! Seek Him not, and ye shall die!

rit.
 "Seek the Lord and ye shall live," Seek Him, for He will receive Wretched, helpless,
 "Seek the Lord and ye shall live," Burdened souls he will relieve; Weary pilgrims
 "Seek the Lord and ye shall live," O do not His spirit grieve; Seek Him now and

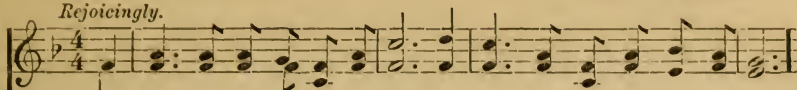
a tempo.
 poor, and blind, Seek the Lord and ye shall find, Seek the Lord and ye shall find.
 seeking rest, Find it, leaning on His breast, Find it, leaning on His breast.
 by and by, He will take you home on high, He will take you home on high.

THE ETERNAL ROCK.

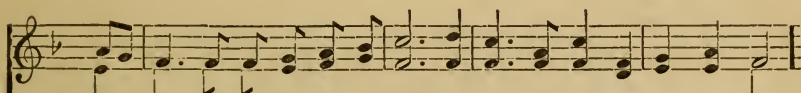
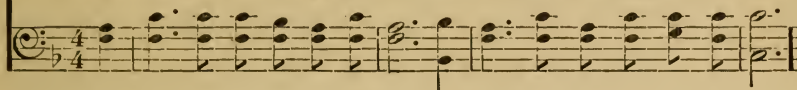
57

GEO. C. HUGG.

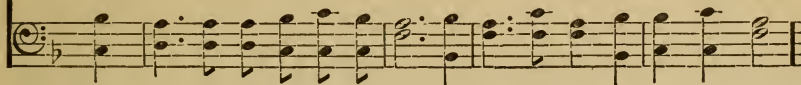
Rejoicingly.



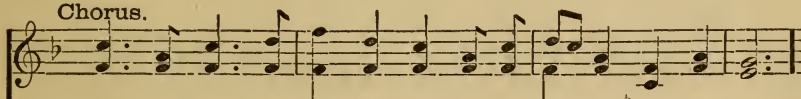
- 1 When wild - ly beat the storms of life, And heav - y is the chast'ning rod,
- 2 What hope dis-pels the spirit's gloom, When sinking 'neath affliction's shock?
- 3 Hope, Grace, and Truth, with gentle hand, Shall lead a bleeding Saviour's flock,



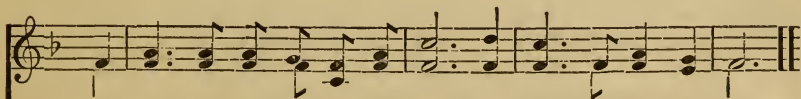
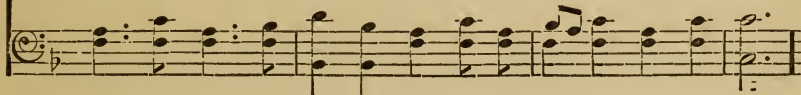
The soul beyond the waves of strife, Views the E-ter - nal Rock, her God.
Faith, thro' the vis - ta of the tomb, Points to the ev - er - last - ing Rock.
And show them, in the promised land, The shelter of th' E-ter - nal Rock.



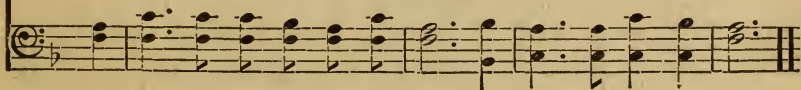
Chorus.



"Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;"



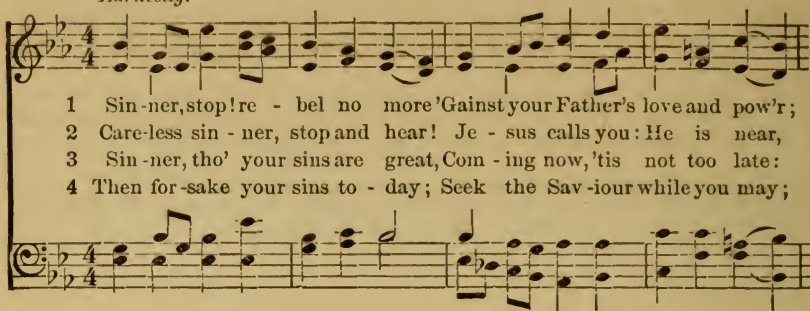
My spir - it rests in ho - ly calm, The Rock doth shel - ter me.



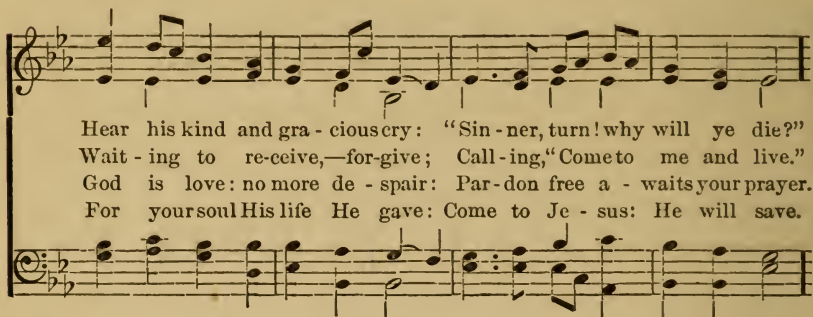
SINNER, TURN.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Earnestly.


1 Sin-ner, stop! re - bel no more 'Gainst your Father's love and pow'r;
 2 Care-less sin - ner, stop and hear! Je - sus calls you: He is near,
 3 Sin-ner, tho' your sins are great, Com - ing now, 'tis not too late:
 4 Then for-sake your sins to - day; Seek the Sav-iour while you may;

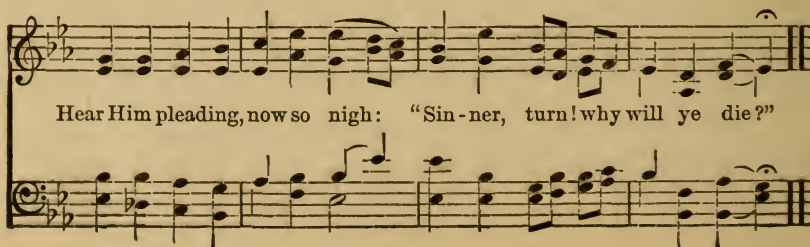


Hear his kind and gra - cious cry: "Sin - ner, turn! why will ye die?"
 Wait - ing to re - ceive, — for - give; Call - ing, "Come to me and live."
 God is love: no more de - spair: Par - don free a - waits your prayer.
 For your soul His life He gave: Come to Je - sus: He will save.

Chorus.



Sin-ner, turn! O sin - ner, turn! God's great gift no long - er spurn;



Hear Him pleading, now so nigh: "Sin - ner, turn! why will ye die?"

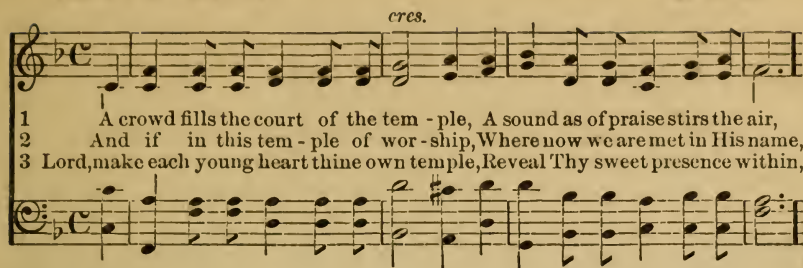
CHILDREN'S PRAISE.

59

Rev. F. W. GOADBY.

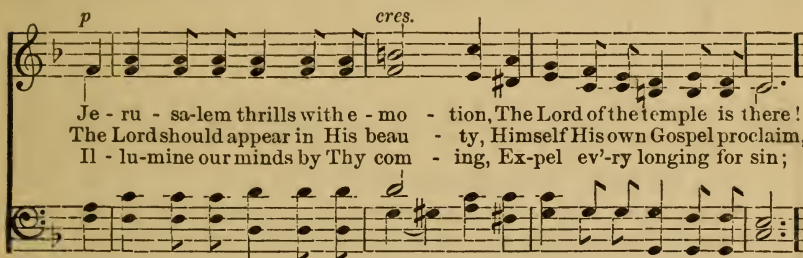
A. L. A.

cres.



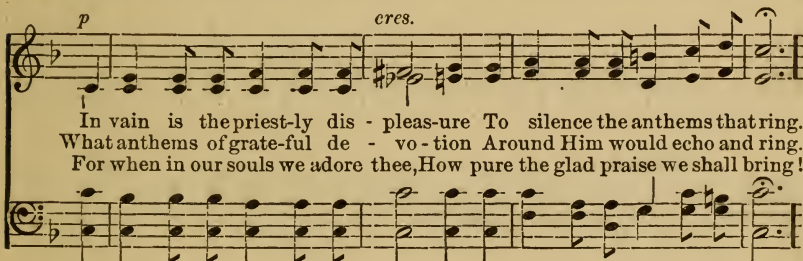
1 A crowd fills the court of the tem - ple, A sound as of praise stirs the air,
2 And if in this tem - ple of wor - ship, Where now we are met in His name,
3 Lord, make each young heart thine own temple, Reveal Thy sweet presence within,

p *cres.*



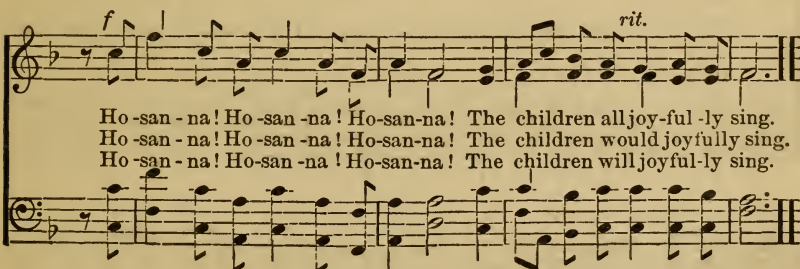
Je - ru - sa - lem thrills with e - mo - tion, The Lord of the temple is there!
The Lord should appear in His beau - ty, Himself His own Gospel proclaim,
Il - lu - mine our minds by Thy com - ing, Ex - pel ev'ry longing for sin;

p *cres.*



In vain is the priest - ly dis - pleas - ure To silence the anthems that ring.
What anthems of grate - ful de - vo - tion Around Him would echo and ring.
For when in our souls we adore thee, How pure the glad praise we shall bring!

f *rit.*



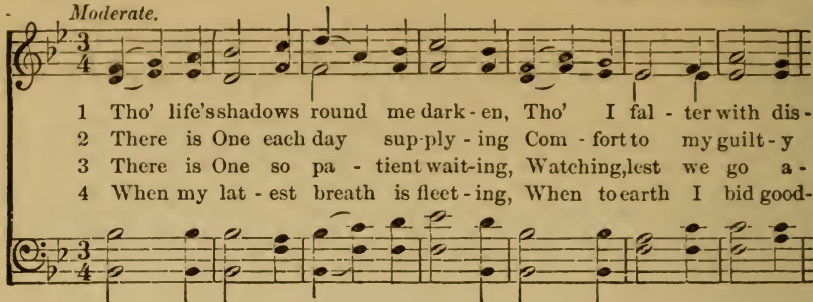
Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! The children all joy - ful - ly sing.
Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! The children would joyfully sing.
Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na! The children will joyful - ly sing.

- 4 And when in the temple of glory,
Where falls never shadow of night,
Where sorrow and sin never sadden,
And Thou shalt Thyself be the light:
When round Thee the ransomed are thronging,
High heaven with their praises will ring.
Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna!
Thy children forever will sing.

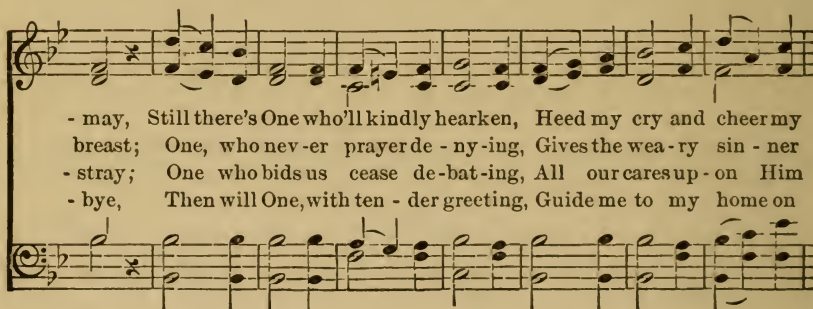
'TIS THE LOVING JESUS.

G. M. V.

GEO. M. VICKERS.

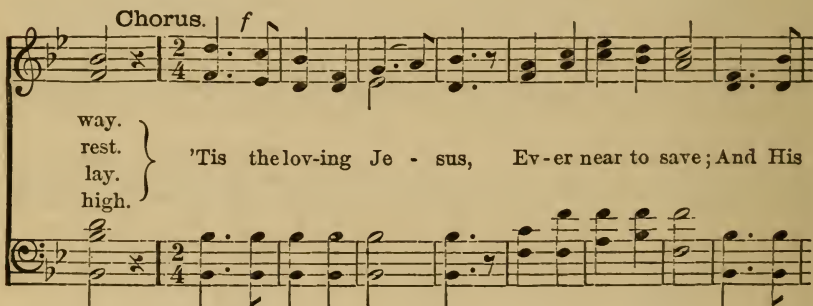
Moderate.


1 Tho' life's shadows round me dark - en, Tho' I fal - ter with dis -
 2 There is One each day sup - ply - ing Com - fort to my guilt - y
 3 There is One so pa - tient wait - ing, Watch - ing, lest we go a -
 4 When my lat - est breath is fleet - ing, When to earth I bid good -

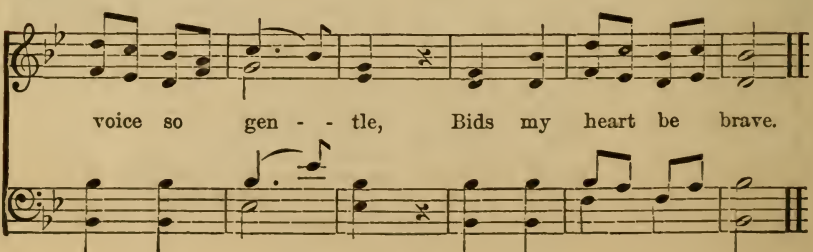


- may, Still there's One who'll kindly hearken, Heed my cry and cheer my
 breast; One, who nev - er prayer de - ny - ing, Gives the wea - ry sin - ner
 - stray; One who bids us cease de - bat - ing, All our cares up - on Him
 - bye, Then will One, with ten - der greet - ing, Guide me to my home on

Chorus. *f*



way.
 rest.
 lay.
 high. } 'Tis the lov - ing Je - sus, Ev - er near to save; And His



voice so gen - - tle, Bids my heart be brave.

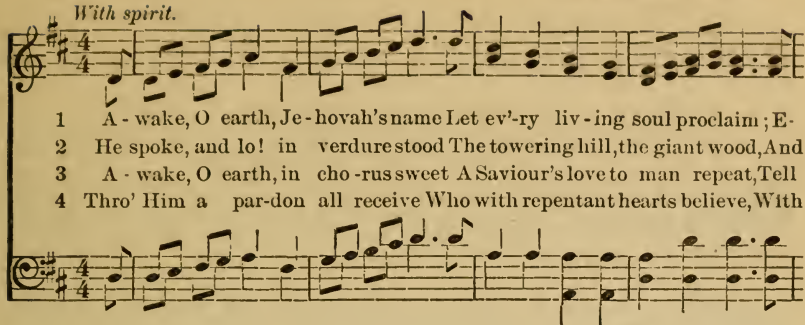
AWAKE! O EARTH.

61

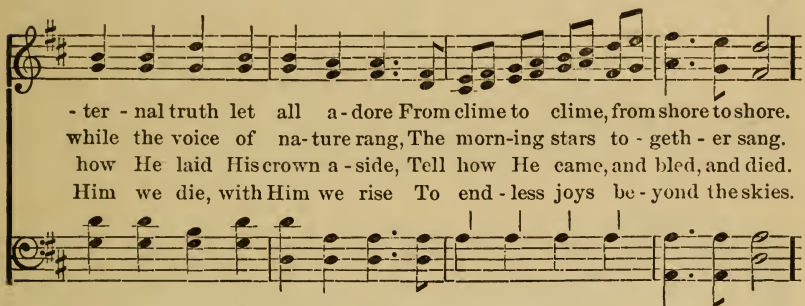
J. K.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

With spirit.

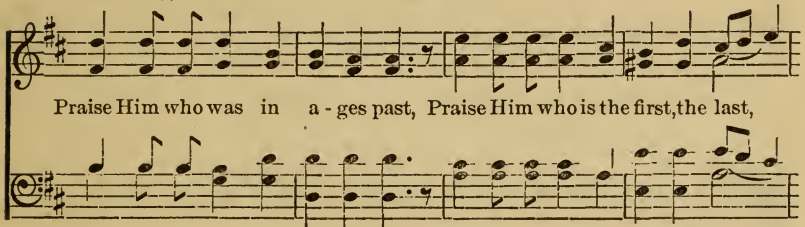


1 A - wake, O earth, Je - hovah's name Let ev'-ry liv - ing soul proclaim; E -
 2 He spoke, and lo! in verdure stood The towering hill, the giant wood, And
 3 A - wake, O earth, in cho - rus sweet A Saviour's love to man repeat, Tell
 4 Thro' Him a par - don all receive Who with repentant hearts believe, With

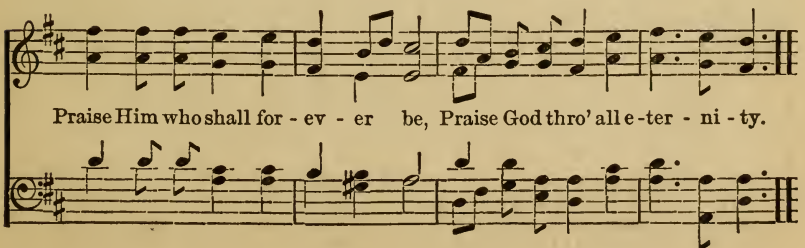


- ter - nal truth let all a - dore From clime to clime, from shore to shore.
 while the voice of na - ture rang, The morn - ing stars to - geth - er sang.
 how He laid His crown a - side, Tell how He came, and bled, and died.
 Him we die, with Him we rise To end - less joys be - yond the skies.

Chorus.



Praise Him who was in a - ges past, Praise Him who is the first, the last,



Praise Him who shall for - ev - er be, Praise God thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

HOME FOR THE RANSOMED.

W. S. K.

WILLIAM S. KAIN.

Glowing.

1 There is a land, a beauteous land, Where ransom'd saints forev - er stand,
2 Shall I those glories e'er be-hold, Those pearly gates and streets of gold?

And songs of rap-ture fill the air, Oh! tell me, Lord, shall I be there?
And crowns of glo - ry shall I wear? Oh! tell me, Lord, shall I be there?

Chorus.

Shall I be there, shall I be there? Oh! tell me, Lord, shall I be there,

Cho. to

4th verse. Thou shalt be there! Thou shalt be there! Thro' faith in God thou shalt be there,

And in those songs of rapture share? Oh! tell me, Lord, shall I be there?

rit.

And in those songs of rap - ture share? Oh! yes, my child, thou shalt be there!

3

That glorious land when shall I see?
Oh! is that blessed place for me?
Is there a crown for me to wear?
Shall I, indeed, O Lord, be there?

4

When'er my wanderings here shall cease,
Receive me into perfect peace,
And may thy voice to me declare
Oh! yes, my child, thou shalt be there!

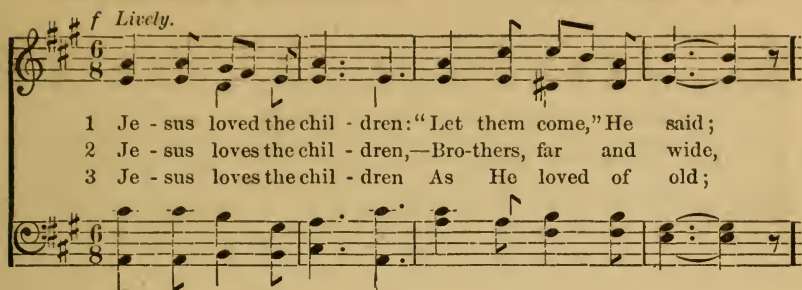
JESUS LOVED THE CHILDREN.

63

Rev. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

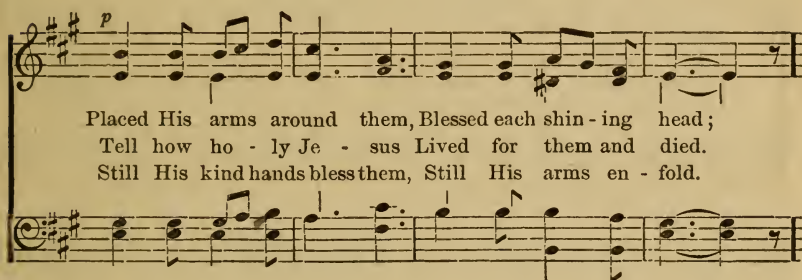
F. L. ARMSTRONG.

f *Lively.*



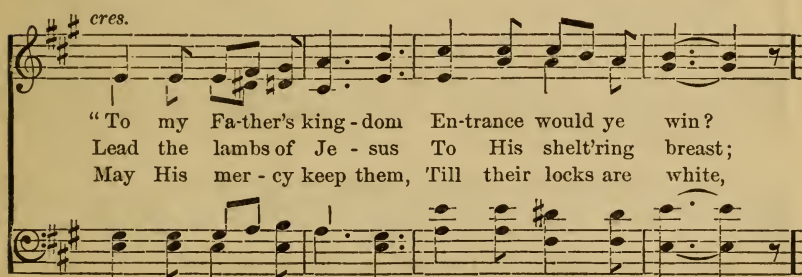
1 Je - sus loved the chil - dren: "Let them come," He said;
 2 Je - sus loves the chil - dren, — Bro - thers, far and wide,
 3 Je - sus loves the chil - dren As He loved of old;

p



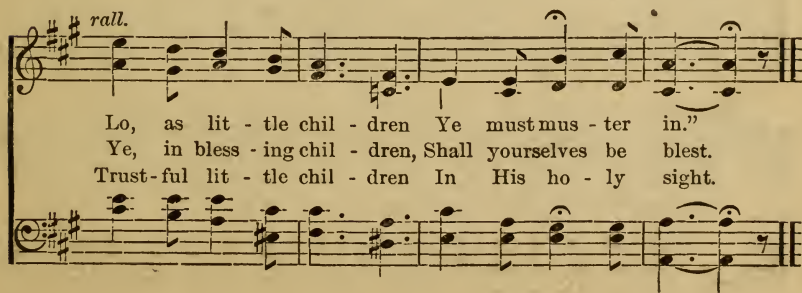
Placed His arms around them, Blessed each shin - ing head;
 Tell how ho - ly Je - sus Lived for them and died.
 Still His kind hands bless them, Still His arms en - fold.

cres.



"To my Fa - ther's king - dom En - trance would ye win?
 Lead the lambs of Je - sus To His shelt'ring breast;
 May His mer - cy keep them, 'Till their locks are white,

rall.

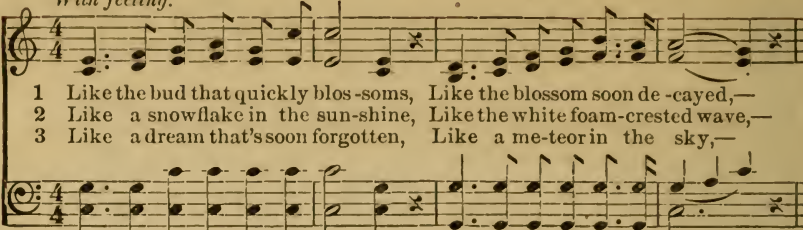


Lo, as lit - tle chil - dren Ye must mus - ter in."
 Ye, in bless - ing chil - dren, Shall yourselves be blest.
 Trust - ful lit - tle chil - dren In His ho - ly sight.

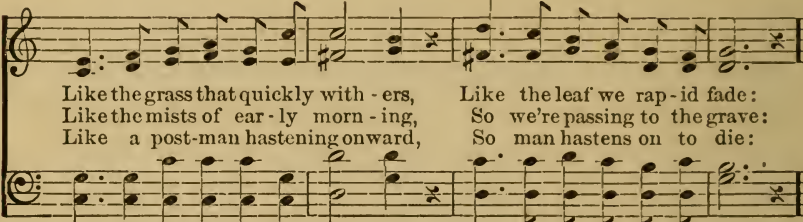
SWIFTLY FADING.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

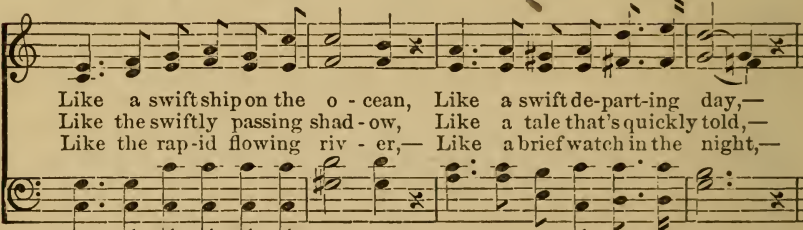
GEO. C. HUGG.

With feeling.


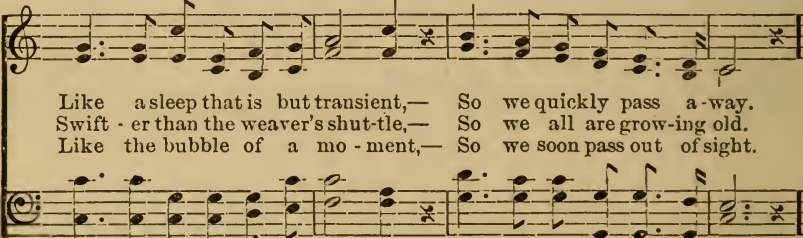
1 Like the bud that quickly blossoms, Like the blossom soon decayed,—
 2 Like a snowflake in the sunshine, Like the white foam-crested wave,—
 3 Like a dream that's soon forgotten, Like a meteor in the sky,—



Like the grass that quickly withers, Like the leaf we rapidly fade:
 Like the mists of early morning, So we're passing to the grave:
 Like a post-man hastening onward, So man hastens on to die:

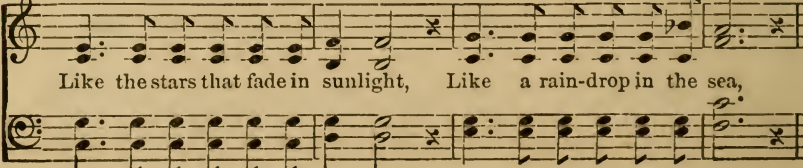


Like a swift ship on the ocean, Like a swift departing day,—
 Like the swiftly passing shadow, Like a tale that's quickly told,—
 Like the rapid flowing river,— Like a brief watch in the night,—



Like a sleep that is but transient,— So we quickly pass away.
 Swift-er than the weaver's shuttle,— So we all are growing old.
 Like the bubble of a moment,— So we soon pass out of sight.

Chorus.



Like the stars that fade in sunlight, Like a rain-drop in the sea,

So may we, O bless-ed Sav-iour, Pass a-way to dwell with Thee.

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The top part is in treble clef and the bottom part is in bass clef. Both parts are in 4/4 time. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence marked by a double bar line and repeat dots.

IMMANUEL'S LAND.

ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

W. F. HEATH.

1 In the sweet Imman-uel's land, Just a-cross the riv - er, Cometh neither
2 In the sweet Imman-uel's land, Golden harps are ringing; Sweetest songs of
3 In the sweet Imman-uel's land, Just beyond the riv - er, We shall see our

This musical score is for a three-part setting. The top part is in treble clef and the bottom part is in bass clef. Both parts are in 6/8 time. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence marked by a double bar line and repeat dots.

D. S. Jesus Christ, our

Fine. Chorus.
sin nor death, But God's peace for-ev - er. } In that land, . . .
love and praise An - gel voic - es sing - ing. }
Sav - iour, King, Know and love him ev - er. } In that

Saviour, King, Lives and reigns for-ev - er.

This musical score is for a chorus. The top part is in treble clef and the bottom part is in bass clef. Both parts are in 4/4 time. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence marked by a double bar line and repeat dots.

D.S.
. blessed land, Just beyond the riv - er,
land, blessed land, Just beyond the riv - er,

This musical score is for a D.S. (Da Capo) section. The top part is in treble clef and the bottom part is in bass clef. Both parts are in 4/4 time. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence marked by a double bar line and repeat dots.

GRATEFUL PRAISE.

PHILLIPS.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

1 We bring no glitt'ring treasures,—No gems from earth's deep mine;
 2 The dear - est gifts of heav - en, Love's writ - ten word of truth;
 3 Re - deem - er, great thy bless - ing, Oh, teach us how to pray;

We come, with cheer - ful meas - ures To chant Thy love di - vine.
 To us is ear - ly giv - en To guide our steps in youth.
 That each, Thy fear pos - sess - ing, May tread life's on - ward way.

Chil - dren, Thy fav - ors shar - ing, Their voice of thanks would raise;
 We hear the wond'rous sto - ry,—The tale of Cal - va - ry;
 Then where the pure are dwell - ing, We hope to meet a - gain;

O Lord, ac - cept our off' - ring,—Our song of grate - ful praise.
 We read of homes in glo - ry, From sin and sor - row free.
 And sweet the num - ber swell - ing, For - ev - er praise Thy name.

GRATEFUL PRAISE.—Concluded.

67

Chorus.

ritard.

Sing! sing! joy-ous-ly sing Grateful ho-san-nas to Je-sus, our King!

a tempo.

Repeat Chorus pp ad lib.

Sing! sing! joy-ous-ly sing! Prais-es un-ceas-ing bring.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

C. WESLEY.

J. PLEYEL.

1 Hark! a voice di-vides the sky; Hap-py are the faith-ful dead,
2 Them the Spir-it hath de-clared Blest, un-ut-ter-a-bly blest;
3 Fol-low'd by their works, they go Where their Head had gone be-fore;

In the Lord who sweet-ly die; They from all their toils are freed.
Je-sus is their great re-ward, Je-sus is their end-less rest.
Re-con-ciled by grace be-low, Grace hath o-pen'd mer-cy's door.

4

5

Justified through faith alone,
Here they knew their sins forgiven;
Here they laid their burden down,
Hallow'd and made meet for heaven.

When from flesh the spirit freed
Hastens homeward to return,
Mortals cry, "A man is dead!"
Angels sing, "A child is born!"

THE VOICE DIVINE.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Religiously.

1 Je - sus calls us o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, restless sea,
 2 Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden store,
 3 In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil, and hours of ease,—

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say - ing, " Christian, fol - low Me."
 From each i - dol that would keep us, Say - ing, " Christian, love Me more."
 Still He calls, in cares and pleasures: " Christian, love Me more than these."

Chorus.

Je - sus calls! Oh! beau - ti - ful thought!
 Je - sus calls, Beau - ti - ful, hap - py tho't!

By His voice to Zi - on brought,
 By His voice Up in - to Zi - on bro't,

Calls from earth - - - ly cares a - way,
 Calls from earth, Calleth from cares a - way,

Calls to Heav'n's . . . e - ter - nal day.
 Calls to Heav'n's, Heaven's e - ter - nal day.

WE ONLY KNOW IN PART.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

W. A. OGDEN.

Andante.

1 We know that Je - sus came to save, That we e - ter - nal life might have;
 2 We know that Christ in us a - bides, What need we know of earth besides?

Fine.
 We know that we are saved from strife, That we have passed from death to life.
 We know that Je - sus knows His own, That we are heirs with Christ the Son.

D.S. But when we see Him face to face, Then we shall know as we are known.

Chorus. *D.S.*
 Yet now we on - ly know in part, The mys - tic veil is not withdrawn,

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3 We know He hears us when we pray,
 We know He guides us day by day;
 We know that by and by He'll come
 To take His faithful servants home.</p> | <p>4 We know that when these bodies die
 We have bright mansions in the sky;
 We know that in the land of bliss,
 We'll see our Saviour as He is.</p> |
|--|---|

GOING HOME.

WILLIAM S. KAIN.

Moderately.

1 Let world-ly minds the world pur-sue, It has no charms for me;
 2 Its pleasures can no long-er please, Nor hap-pi-ness af-ford;
 3 As by the light of open-ing day The stars are all con-cealed;
 4 Now Lord, I would be Thine a-lone, And whol-ly live to Thee:

Once I ad-mired its tri-les, too, But grace has set me free.
 Far from my heart be joys like these, Now I have seen the Lord.
 So earth-ly pleas-ures fade a-way When Je-sus is re-vealed.
 But may I hope that Thou wilt own A worth-less worm like me.

Chorus.

Go-ing home, Go-ing home, To dwell where Je-sus is;
 Go-ing home, Go-ing home.

Go-ing home, Go-ing home, Go-ing home to die no more.
 Go-ing home, Go-ing home,

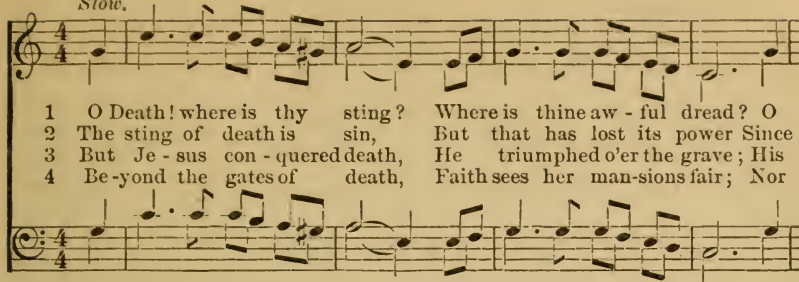
VICTORY OVER DEATH.

71

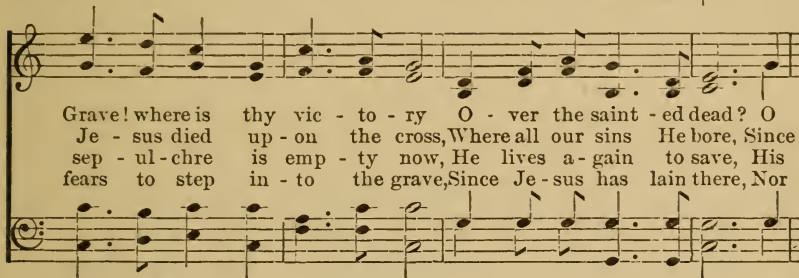
Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

GEO. C. HUGG.

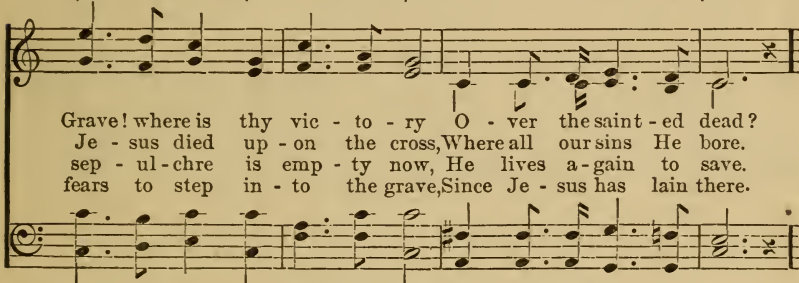
Slow.



1 O Death! where is thy sting? Where is thine aw - ful dread? O
 2 The sting of death is sin, But that has lost its power Since
 3 But Je - sus con - quered death, He triumphed o'er the grave; His
 4 Be - yond the gates of death, Faith sees her man - sions fair; Nor



Grave! where is thy vic - to - ry O - ver the saint - ed dead? O
 Je - sus died up - on the cross, Where all our sins He bore, Since
 sep - ul - chre is emp - ty now, He lives a - gain to save, His
 fears to step in - to the grave, Since Je - sus has lain there, Nor

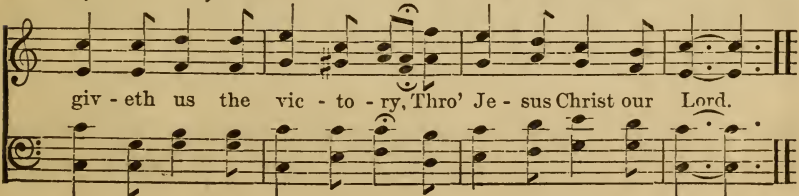


Grave! where is thy vic - to - ry O - ver the saint - ed dead?
 Je - sus died up - on the cross, Where all our sins He bore.
 sep - ul - chre is emp - ty now, He lives a - gain to save.
 fears to step in - to the grave, Since Je - sus has lain there.

Chorus. *Faster.*



Thanks, thanks be to our God, In Heav'n and earth a - dored, Who



giv - eth us the vic - to - ry, Thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord.

QUENCH NOT THE SPIRIT.

M. E. SERVOS.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

Solo. *Andante*.

1 Quench not the Spir-it, Turn not a-way, Ten - der-ly, earnest-ly,
 2 Com - fort He bringeth, Her - ald of peace, While He di-rects thy way
 3 Quench not the Spir-it, Now He is near; Heav - en-sent Comforter,

Pleads He to-day; Yield not thy heart Lest He depart,
 Wand'ring shall cease; Oh, may His power Aid ev'-ry hour,
 My soul to cheer; Close by thy side Bid Him a-bide,

And at thy lat - er call An - swers thee nay.
 From each be - set-ting sin Grant sweet re-lease.
 While He thy guest shall be What shalt thou fear?

Chorus.—Quartette.

Come, Ho - ly

QUENCH NOT THE SPIRIT.—Concluded. 73

Spir - it, Com - fort - er, Friend, Warn me from the paths of sin,

Help Thou me life's race to win ; Guide to the end, Guide to . . the end.

JEWEL. 7s.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

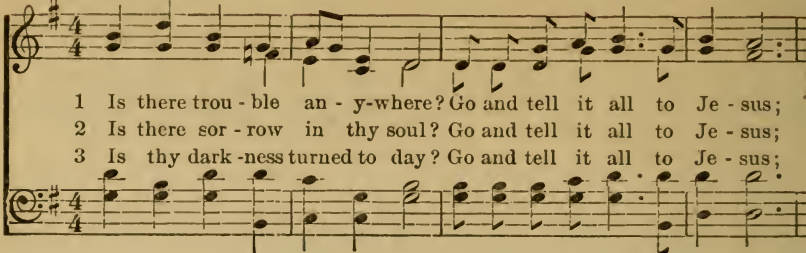
1 Christ, of all my hopes the ground, Christ, the spring of all my joy!
 2 Fount-ain of o'er-flow-ing grace! Free-ly from Thy full-ness give;
 3 Firm-ly trust-ing in Thy blood, Noth-ing shall my breast con-found;
 4 Thus, oh, thus an en-trance give To the land of cloud-less sky;

Still in Thee let me be found ; Still for Thee my pray'rs em-ploy.
 Till I close my earth-ly race, Be it "Christ for me to live."
 Safe-ly I shall pass the flood, Safe-ly reach Im-man-uel's ground.
 Having known it "Christ to live," Let me know it "gain to die."

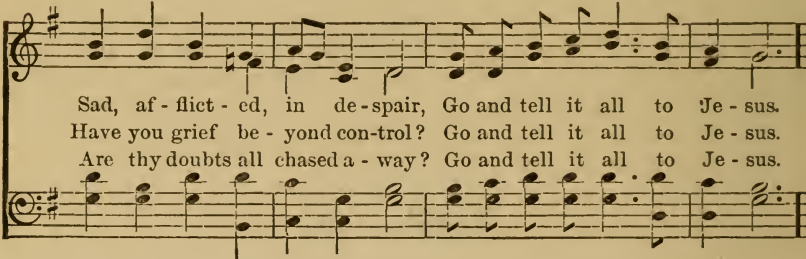
GO AND TELL IT ALL TO JESUS.

Dr. J. C. CURRAN.

GEO. C. HUGG.

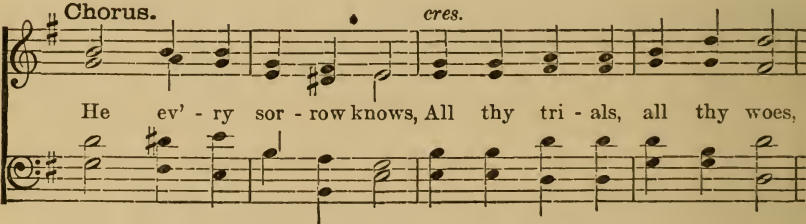
Devotional.


1 Is there trou - ble an - y-where? Go and tell it all to Je - sus;
 2 Is there sor - row in thy soul? Go and tell it all to Je - sus;
 3 Is thy dark - ness turned to day? Go and tell it all to Je - sus;

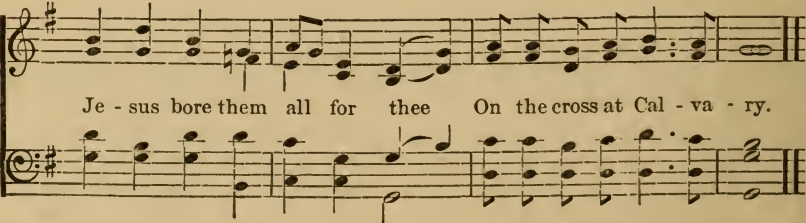


Sad, af - flict - ed, in de - spair, Go and tell it all to Je - sus.
 Have you grief be - yond con - trol? Go and tell it all to Je - sus.
 Are thy doubts all chased a - way? Go and tell it all to Je - sus.

Chorus. *cres.*



He ev' - ry sor - row knows, All thy tri - als, all thy woes,



Je - sus bore them all for thee On the cross at Cal - va - ry.

4 If thy faith hath made thee whole,
 Go and tell it all to Jesus;
 If life's billows cease to roll,
 Go and tell it all to Jesus.

5 Enter in at mercy's door,
 Happy with our blessed Jesus,
 Rest in Zion evermore,
 Sitting at the feet of Jesus.

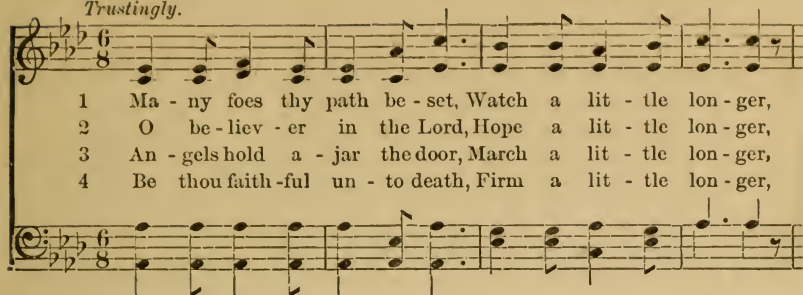
TOILING HOMEWARD.

75

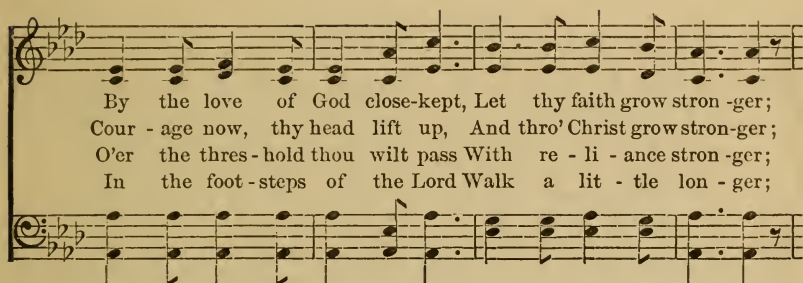
E. W. CHAPMAN.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

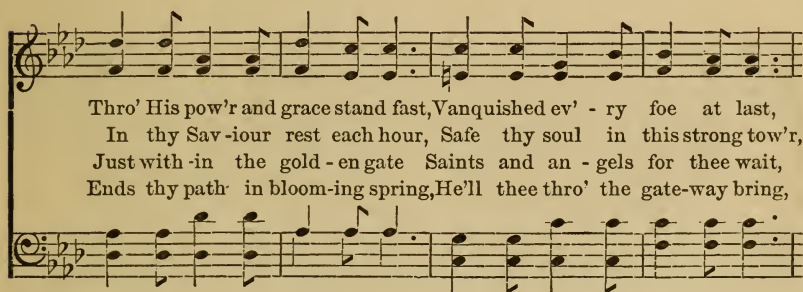
Trustingly.



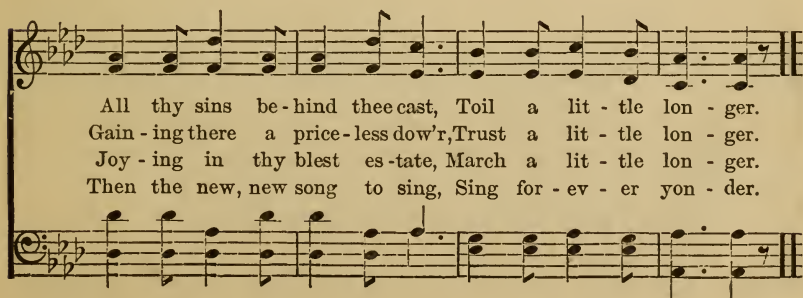
1 Ma - ny foes thy path be - set, Watch a lit - tle lon - ger,
 2 O be - liev - er in the Lord, Hope a lit - tle lon - ger,
 3 An - gels hold a - jar the door, March a lit - tle lon - ger,
 4 Be thou faith - ful un - to death, Firm a lit - tle lon - ger,



By the love of God close-kept, Let thy faith grow stron-ger;
 Cour - age now, thy head lift up, And thro' Christ grow stron-ger;
 O'er the thres - hold thou wilt pass With re - li - ance stron-ger;
 In the foot - steps of the Lord Walk a lit - tle lon - ger;



Thro' His pow'r and grace stand fast, Vanquished ev' - ry foe at last,
 In thy Sav-iour rest each hour, Safe thy soul in this strong tow'r,
 Just with-in the gold - en gate Saints and an - gels for thee wait,
 Ends thy path in bloom-ing spring, He'll thee thro' the gate-way bring,

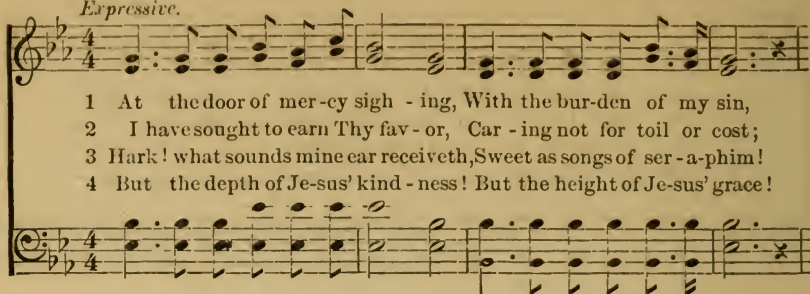


All thy sins be - hind thee cast, Toil a lit - tle lon - ger.
 Gain - ing there a price - less dow'r, Trust a lit - tle lon - ger.
 Joy - ing in thy blest es - tate, March a lit - tle lon - ger.
 Then the new, new song to sing, Sing for - ev - er yon - der.

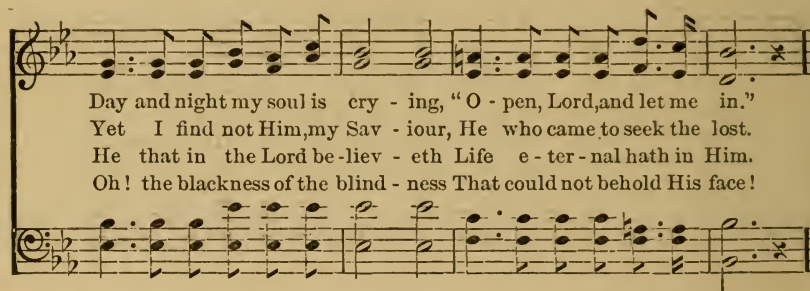
WAITING AT THE DOOR.

THOMAS MACKELLAR.

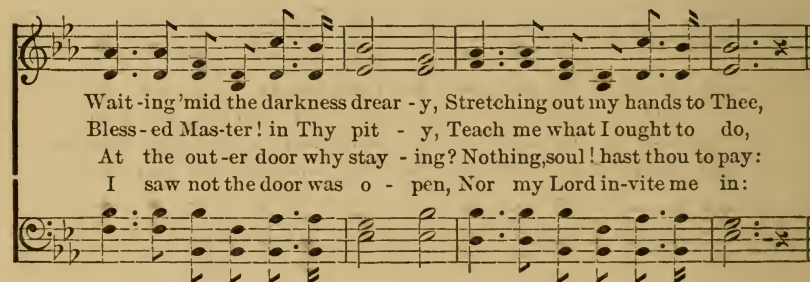
GEO. C. HUGG.

Expressive.


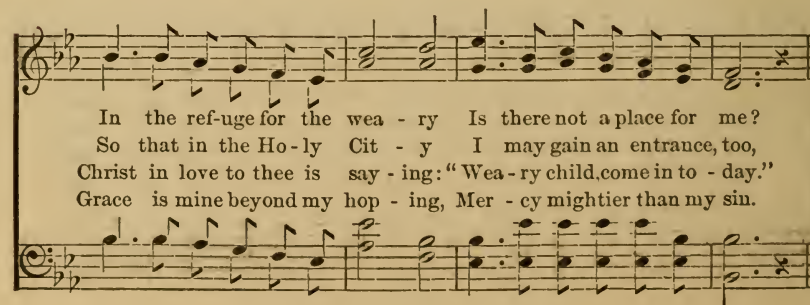
1 At the door of mer-cy sigh - ing, With the bur-den of my sin,
 2 I have sought to earn Thy fav - or, Car - ing not for toil or cost;
 3 Hark! what sounds mine ear receiveth, Sweet as songs of ser - a - phim!
 4 But the depth of Je - sus' kind - ness! But the height of Je - sus' grace!



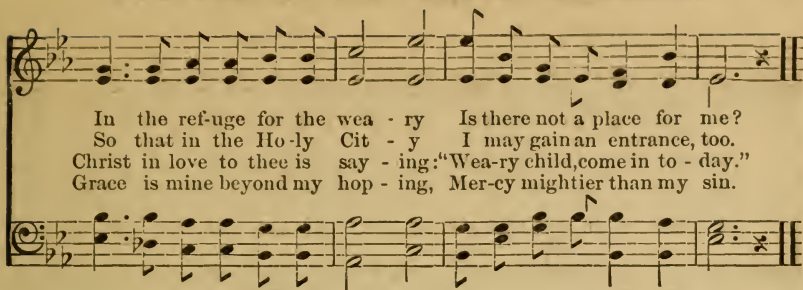
Day and night my soul is cry - ing, "O - pen, Lord, and let me in."
 Yet I find not Him, my Sav - iour, He who came to seek the lost.
 He that in the Lord be - liev - eth Life e - ter - nal hath in Him.
 Oh! the blackness of the blind - ness That could not behold His face!



Wait - ing 'mid the darkness drear - y, Stretching out my hands to Thee,
 Bless - ed Mas - ter! in Thy pit - y, Teach me what I ought to do,
 At the out - er door why stay - ing? Nothing, soul! hast thou to pay:
 I saw not the door was o - pen, Nor my Lord in - vite me in:



In the ref - uge for the wea - ry Is there not a place for me?
 So that in the Ho - ly Cit - y I may gain an entrance, too,
 Christ in love to thee is say - ing: "Wea - ry child, come in to - day."
 Grace is mine beyond my hop - ing, Mer - cy mightier than my sin.

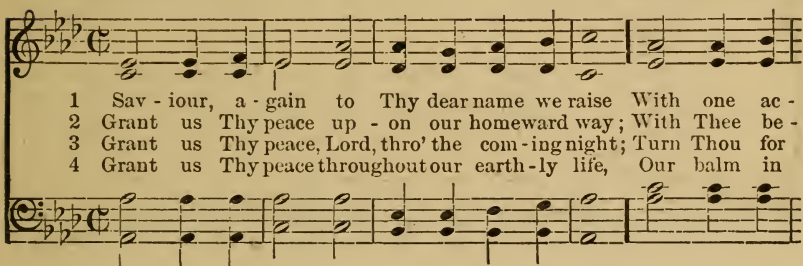


In the ref-uge for the wea - ry Is there not a place for me?
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 Grace is mine beyond my hop - ing, Mer-cy mightier than my sin.

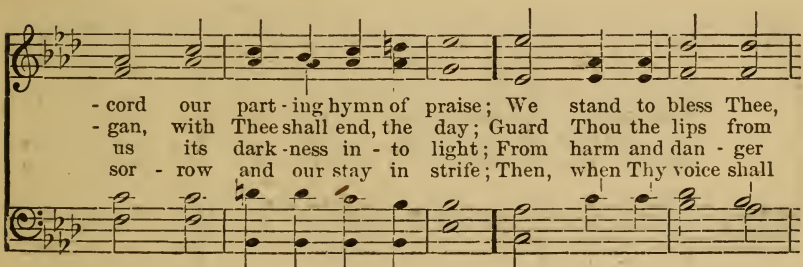
PARTING SONG.

J. ELLERTON.

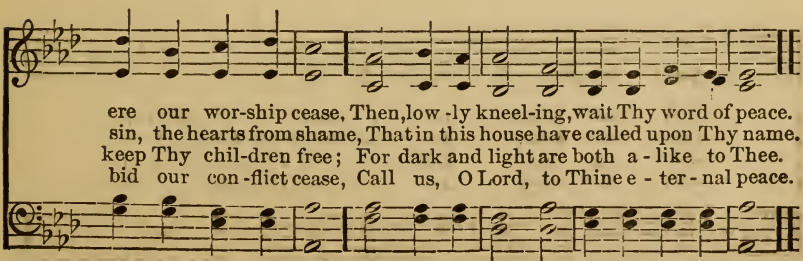
E. J. HOPKINS.



1 Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac -
 2 Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee be -
 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com - ing night; Turn Thou for
 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earth - ly life, Our balm in



- cord our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee,
 - gan, with Thee shall end, the day; Guard Thou the lips from
 us its dark - ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger
 sor - row and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall

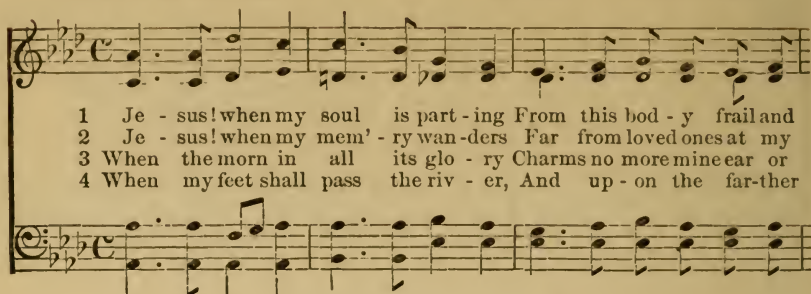


ere our wor - ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
 sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called upon Thy name.
 keep Thy chil - dren free; For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
 bid our con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

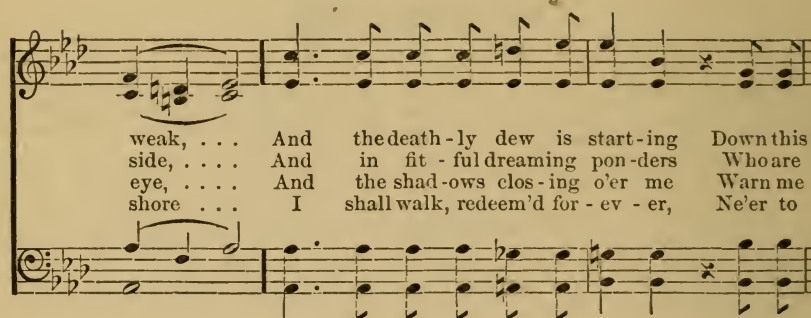
JESUS FIRST AND LAST.

THOMAS MACKELLAR.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.



1 Je - sus! when my soul is part - ing From this bod - y frail and
 2 Je - sus! when my mem' - ry wan - ders Far from loved ones at my
 3 When the morn in all its glo - ry Charms no more mine ear or
 4 When my feet shall pass the riv - er, And up - on the far - ther



weak, . . . And the death - ly dew is start - ing Down this
 side, . . . And in fit - ful dream - ing pon - ders Who are
 eye, . . . And the shad - ows clos - ing o'er me Warn me
 shore . . . I shall walk, redeem'd for - ev - er, Ne'er to



pale and wast - ed cheek, — Thine, my Sav - iour, Be the name I
 they that near me glide, — Last, my Sav - iour, Let my tho'ts on
 of the time to die, — Last, my Sav - iour, Let me see Thee
 sin — to die no more, — First, Lord Je - sus! Let me see Thee,

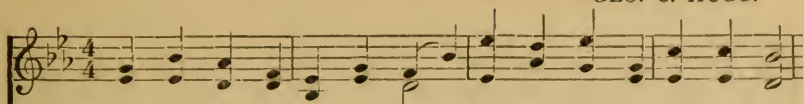


last shall speak, Be the name I last shall speak.
 Thee a - bide, Let my tho'ts on Thee a - bide.
 stand - ing by, Let me see Thee stand - ing by.
 and a - dore, Let me see Thee, and a - dore.

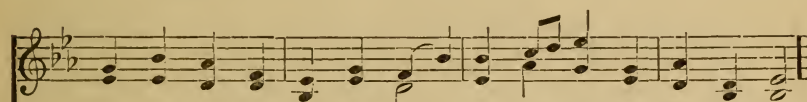
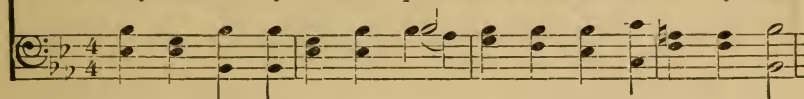
HE COMETH.

79

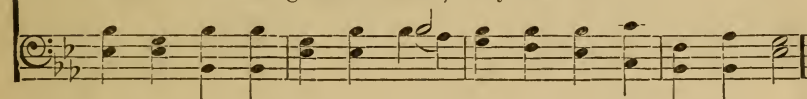
GEO. C. HUGG.



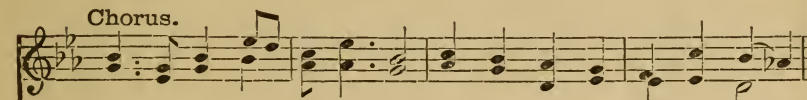
- 1 Wide, ye heav'n-ly gates, un - fold, Closed no more by death and sin;
- 2 He who God's pure law ful - filled; Je - sus, the in - car - nate word;
- 3 "Who shall up to that a - bode Fol - low in the Saviour's train?"
- 4 They whose dai - ly ac - tions prove Stead - fast faith and ho - ly fear,



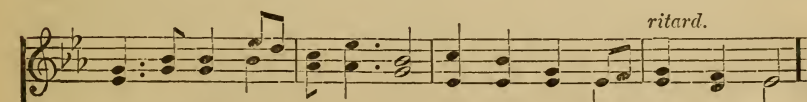
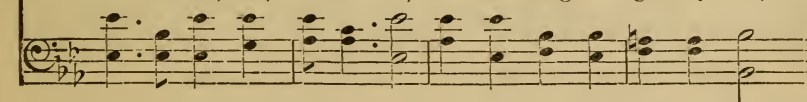
Lo! the conquering Lord be - hold; Let the King of glo - ry in.
 He whose truth with blood was sealed, He is heaven's all glo - rious Lord.
 They who in His cleans - ing blood Wash a - way each guilt - y stain.
 Fer - vent zeal and grate - ful love; They shall dwell for - ev - er here.



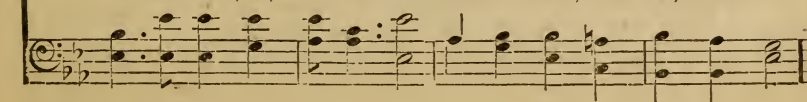
Chorus.



Let Him in, oh, let Him in, Let the King of glo - ry in;



Welcome Him, oh, welcome Him: Blessed Lord, come in, come in.



CLING TO THE ROCK.

A. S. DOUGHTY.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

Earnestly.

1 Cling to the Rock that through a - ges long Has been the soul's
 2 Bathe in the Flood, the all-cleans - ing Flood, — The Fountain for
 3 Cling to the Rock and the prom - is - es, No mer - it nor
 4 Cling to the Rock while life's dark seas roll, And waves of temp -

Ref - uge se - cure; Cling with a faith, faith a - bid - ing and strong, That
 sin o - pened wide; Drink of the stream, the life - giv - ing stream, That
 price we can bring; The Spirit says "come," and the call we should heed, With
 - ta - tion beat high. Cling to the safe Rest - ing place of the soul, When

Chorus.

we to the end may en - dure.
 flows from its deep riv - en side. } Then cling to the Rock, Cling close to the
 faith in the cross may we cling.
 tri - als and dan - gers are nigh.

Rock, Then cling to the Rock of a - ges, cling, Then cling to the

Rock, Cling close to the Rock, Cling to the Rock of a - ges, cling.

DAY OF REST.

81

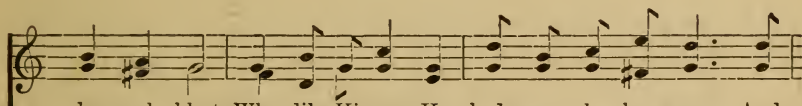
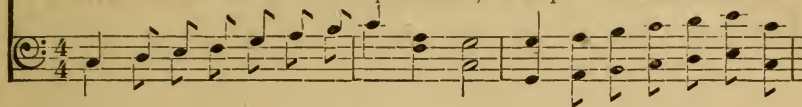
W. MASON.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

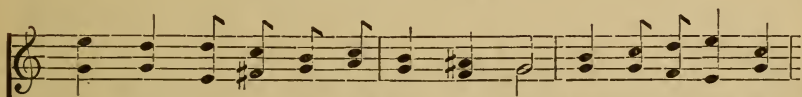
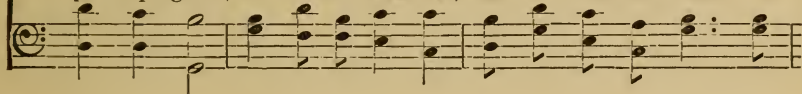
Devotional.



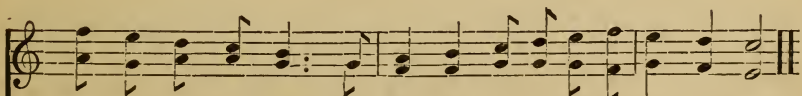
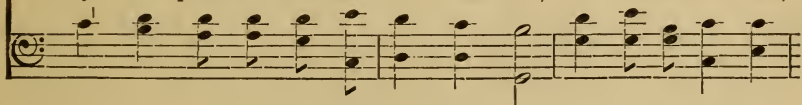
- 1 A - gain returns the day of ho - ly rest, Which, when He made the world, Je -
- 2 Let us de - vote this con - se - crat - ed day To learn His will, and all we
- 3 Father of Heav'n in whom our hopes confide, Whose pow'r defends us and whose



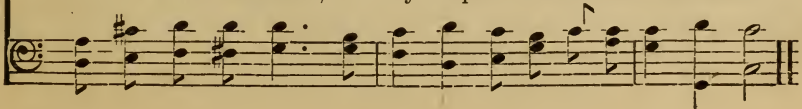
- ho - vah blest; When like His own He bade our la - bors cease, And
learn o - bey; So shall we hear, when fer - vent - ly we raise Our
pre - cepts guide, In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend, Glo -



all be pi - e - ty and all be peace, When like His own He
sup - pli - ca - tions and our songs of praise, So shall we hear, when
- ry su - preme be Thine till time shall end, In life our Guardian,



bade our la - bors cease, And all be pi - e - ty and all be peace.
fer - vent - ly we raise Our sup - pli - cations and our songs of praise.
and in death our Friend, Glo - ry supreme be Thine till time shall end.



GLADSOME ARE WE TO-DAY.

English.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Macstoso.

1 Thou that art ve - ry Light of Light, Un-failing Hope in sin's dark night,
 2 To - day, as year by year its light Sheds o'er the world a radiance bright,
 3 And gladsome, too, are we to-day Whose guilt Thy Blood has wash'd away;

Hear Thou the prayers Thy people pray, The wide world o'er this blessed day.
 One pre-cious truth is ech - oed on, " 'Tis Thou hast saved us, Thou a-lone."
 Re-deemed, the new-made song we sing, It is the birth-day of our KING.

CHORUS.

O LORD, the Vir - gin-born, to Thee E - ter - nal praise and glo - ry be;

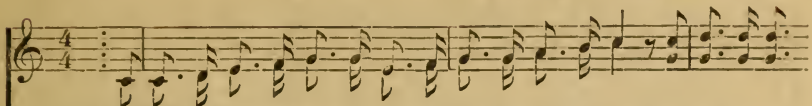
Whom with the FA - THER we a - dore And HO - LY GHOST for ev - er-more.

THE SHEPHERD WATCHERS.

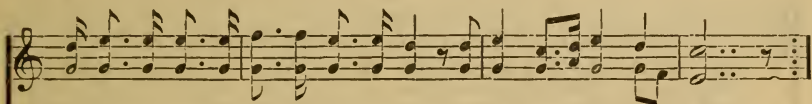
83

N. TATE.

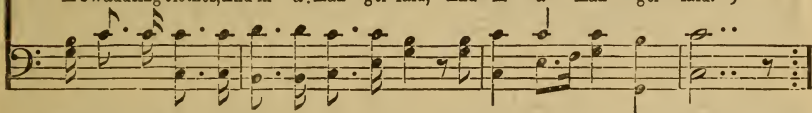
FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.



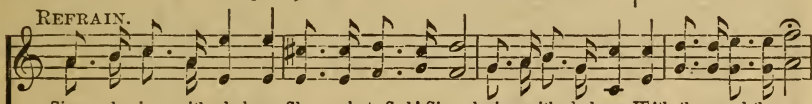
1 { While humble shepherds watched their flock On Bethlehem plain by night, An an - gel sent
"Fear not," said he, for sud - den dread Had seized their troubled minds ; "Glad tidings of
2 { To you in Dav - id's town this day Is born, of Dav - id's line, A Sav - iour, who
The heavenly babe you there shall find To hu - man view displayed, All meanly wrapped



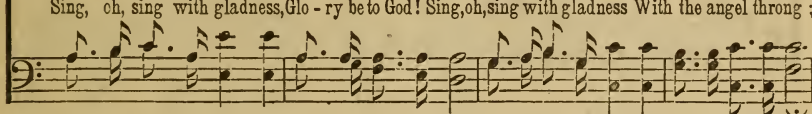
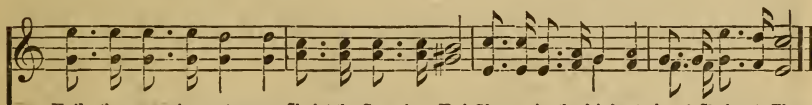
from heaven appeared, And filled the plain with light, And filled the plain with light. }
great joy I bring To you and all mankind, To you and all man - kind. }
is Christ the Lord, And this shall be your sign, And this shall be your sign : }
in swaddling clothes, And in a man - ger laid, And in a man - ger laid." }



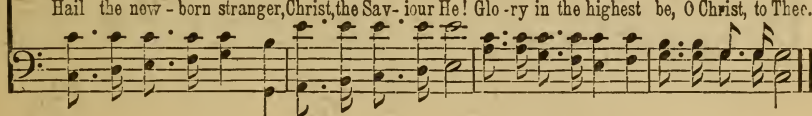
REFRAIN.



Sing, oh, sing with gladness, Glo - ry be to God ! Sing, oh, sing with gladness With the angel throng ;

Hail the new - born stranger, Christ, the Sav - iour He ! Glo - ry in the highest be, O Christ, to Thee.



3

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith

Appeared a shining throng

Of angels praising God, and thus

||: Addressed their joyful song : ||

"All glory be to God on high,

And to the earth be peace ;

Good will is shown by heaven to men,

||: And never more shall cease." :||

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RING, YE BELLS!

Arr. by G. C. H.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1 Ring, hap-py bells of Christ-mas, ring, While up in heav'n the
 2 They sing of peace from man to man—That peace which Je-sus'
 3 Ring, bells, your mel-o - dy is sweet; Sing, an - gels, while our

an - gels sing The song they sung so long a - go, Ev'ry heart should know.
 birth be - gan; And far and near the sto - ry tell, Chim-ing Christmas bell.
 lips re - peat The song you sung at Je - sus' birth, Bring-ing joy to earth.

CHORUS.

Ring! ring! ring, bells, ring! Sing! sing! angels, sing! Ring! bells,

ring your praises to the New - born King; Ring! ring!

cres.

ring, bells, ring! Ring! ring! ring! ring! Praises to the New-born King.

* Small notes for bells.

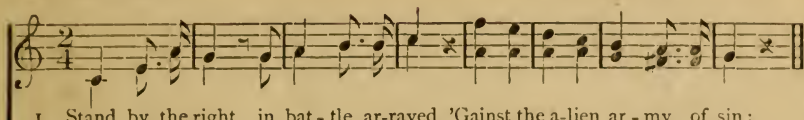
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STAND BY THE RIGHT.

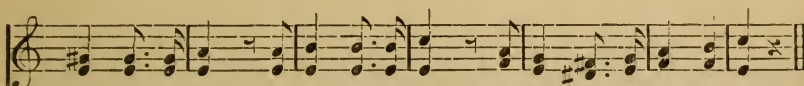
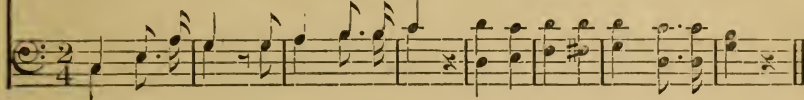
85

A. S. DOUGHTY.

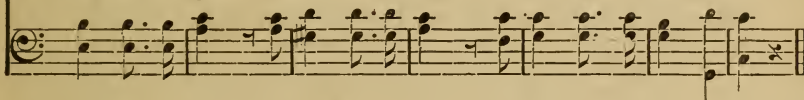
FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.



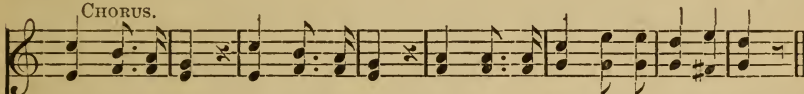
- 1 Stand by the right, in bat-tle ar-rayed 'Gainst the a-lien ar-my of sin;
- 2 Stand by the right, for Christ leads the way, Ev-er keep his banner unfurled;
- 3 Stand by the right and if we shall fall, Then our glo-ry will be renown;



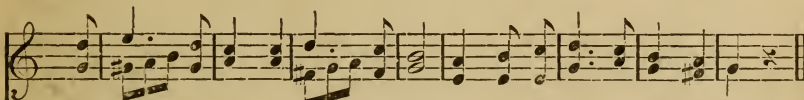
Gird-ed with truth, let none be dismayed, For right shall the con-test win.
 Faith be your shield, and fear not the day, For right shall subdue the world.
 Each shall ap-pear at trumpet's first call Adorned with a martyr's crown.



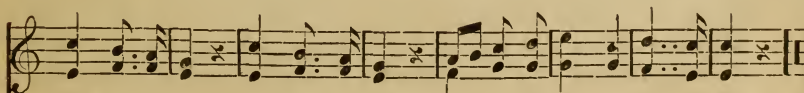
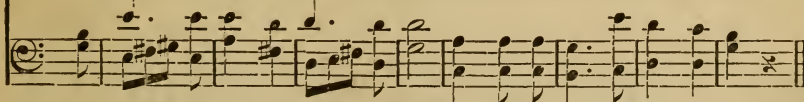
CHORUS.



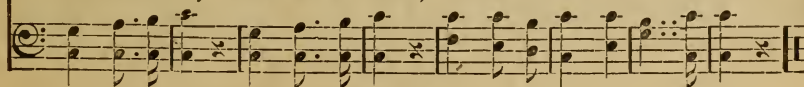
Dare to do right, dare to be true, Dare to be valiant the conflict through,



Then when we lay our ar-mor down, Each will receive the victor's crown.



Then when we lay our ar-mor down, Each will receive the victor's crown.



THE GUARDING ANGEL.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Glowing.

1 Oh, mag - ni fy the Lord with me, Let us to praise his name a - gree.
 2 Ye chil - dren, come ; to me give ear, And learn how ye the Lord should fear :
 3 Up - on the just God keeps his eyes : His ears are o - pen to their cries :

I sought the Lord ; he did me hear,* And set me free from ev' - ry fear.
 What man to length of life as - pires, And ma - ny days of good de - sires ?
 A - gainst the wick - ed sets his face, From earth their mem'ry to e - rase.

His an - gel camps a - round to guard And res - cue them that fear the Lord.
 From e - vil let thy tongue ab - stain ; From speaking guile thy lips re - frain.
 When just men cry, Je - ho - vah hears, And res - cues them from all their fears :

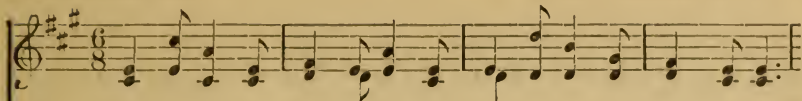
See, God is good ; his good ness taste, For all that trust in him are blest.
 From ev' - ry wick - ed way de - part ; Do good ; seek peace with all thy heart.
 The Lord draws nigh to brok - en hearts ; To con - trite spir - its, help im - parts.

HAVE YOU ROOM?

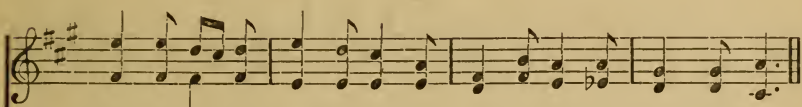
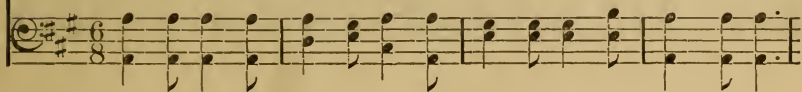
87

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.

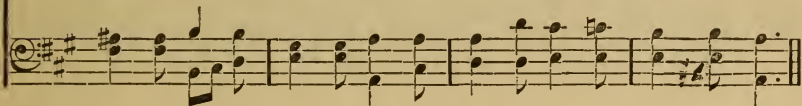
FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.



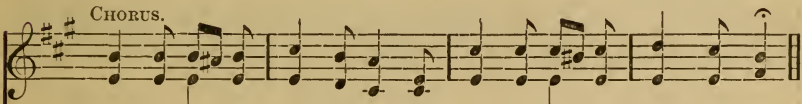
- 1 Have you room for pomp and pleasure? Have you room for self and sin?
- 2 Have you room for gloom and sad-ness? Have you room for fear and doubt?
- 3 Have you room for earth-ly friendship? Have you room for mirth and pride?
- 4 Oh, let Je - sus take pos-sess - ion Of your bo - dy, spir - it, soul!



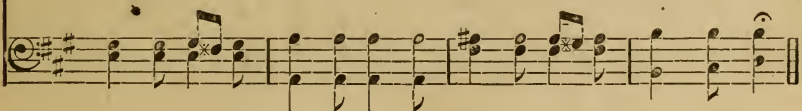
Have you room for earth-ly pleas-ure, But no room for Christ with-in?
Have you room for clouds and darkness, And still keep the Sa - viour out?
And no room for Je-sus,—Je - sus, Who for you on Cal - vary died?
Have no room for aught but Je - sus! Let him now your all con-trol!



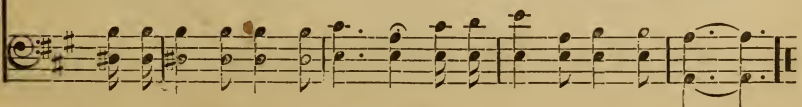
CHORUS.



O - pen wide, for he is knocking; O - pen now to Christ, your King;



He will ban - ish sin and sor - row; He will peace and gladness bring.



REAPING DONE.

J. E. H.

J. E. HALL.

1. When the reap - ing time is done With the set - ting of the sun,
 2. With the grain all garnered in From the storms and wiles of sin,
 3. Leave the sic - kles to de - cay: Fly me then to realms a - way.

And thro' Christ the vic-t'ry won, Com-eth then sweet rest and home.
 We a crown of life shall win, And in heav'n find rest and home.
 Where will dawn an end-less day,—Day of rest, sweet rest and home.

CHORUS.

With the reap - ing done With life's set - ting sun,
 With the reap - ing done With life's set - ting sun,

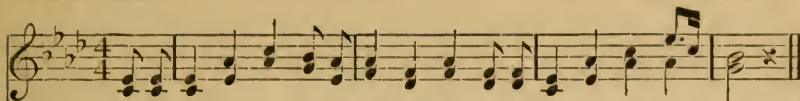
With the vic - t'ry won Cometh rest and home.
 With the vic - t'ry won,

SINGING WITH THE ANGELS.

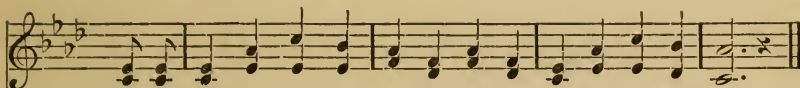
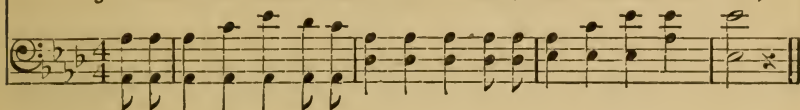
89

E. A. HOFFMAN.

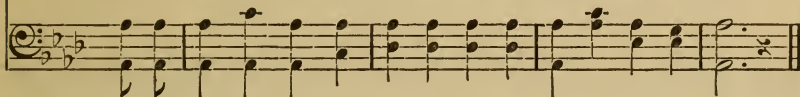
A. S. KIEFFER.



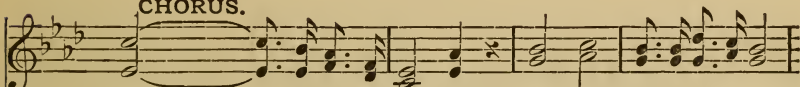
1. I have dream'd sweet dreams of a better home, Of a better home than this;
2. I have dream'd sweet dreams of a better life, Of a better life than this;
3. I have dream'd sweet dreams of a better land, Of a better land than this;



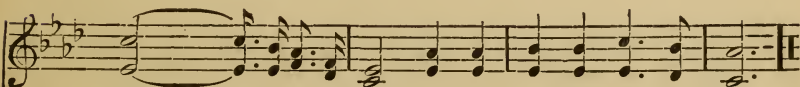
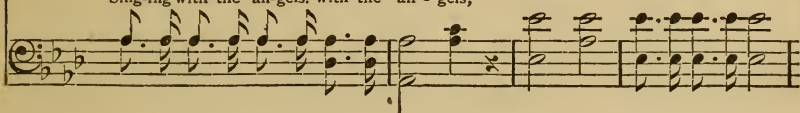
Of a home where sorrows nev - er come, Where all is per-fect bliss.
Where there is no con - flict and no strife, Where all is per-fect bliss.
Where the ransom'd tread the gold-en strand, Where joy shall never cease.



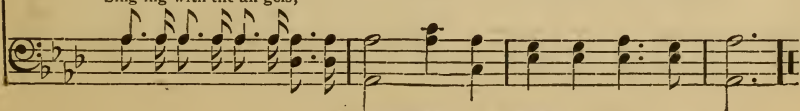
CHORUS.



Sing - - ing with the an - gels, There, there, o-ver, o-ver there;
Sing-ing with the an-gels. with the an - gels,



Sing - - ing with the an - gels, In that sweet home so fair.
Sing-ing with the an-gels,



REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

1 Ho - ly Bi - ble! book di - vine, Light and life in ev' - ry line;
 2 Ho - ly Bi - ble! book of truth! On - ly guide for age and youth;
 3 Ho - ly Bi - ble! book of God! For man-kind the on - ly code;
 4 Ho - ly Bi - ble! spir - it's sword! Sto - ry of our bless-ed Lord;

Light for all who Christ re-ceive, Life for all who will be-lieve.
 All who search are sure to find, Rest of soul and peace of mind,
 All its laws we must o - bey, Heed its pre - cepts day by day.
 Chart to guide me to the skies, Where a - waits the glo - ry-prize.

Ho - ly Bi - ble! bless-ed book! Now by faith to thee I look;

O - pen thou my eyes, O Lord, To the won-ders of thy word.

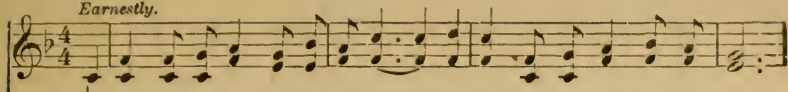
COME, DRINK AT THE FOUNTAIN.

91

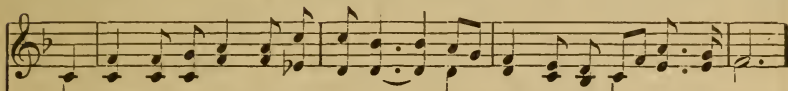
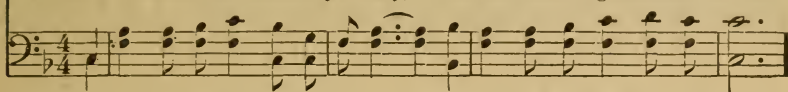
J. E. H.

J. E. HALL.

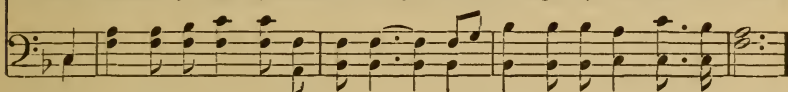
Earnestly.



1. Come, drink at the fountain, my brother, The fountain of life, flowing free.
2. Come, drink at the fountain, my sister, You'll find it sweet water, and pure;
3. Come, drink at the fountain, dear sinner, This fountain will cleanse thee from sin;
4. Come, drink at the fountain, ye lowly, Your sorrows bring there and be free.



Come, drink of the life-giving wa - ter, 'Tis flowing, blest fountain for thee
 Come, drink of the clear flowing wa-ter, And drinking, you'll thirst never-more.
 Come, drink of the sin-cleansing water, 'Tis flowing, dear sinner, drink in.
 Come, drink if you feel you are need - y, 'Tis flowing, thy comfort to be.

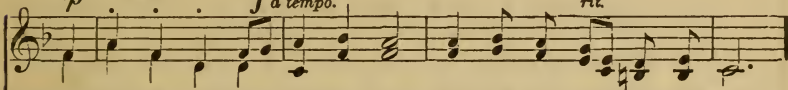


CHORUS.

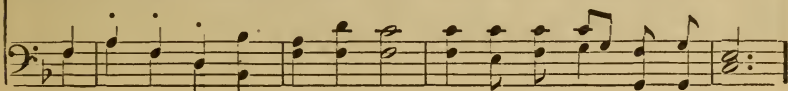
p ad lib.

f a tempo.

rit.

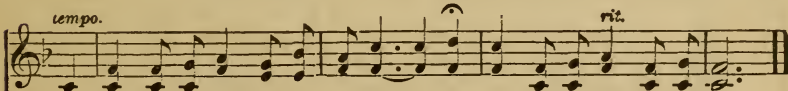


Come, drink, drink, drink and thirst no more, Drink at the fountain and live;

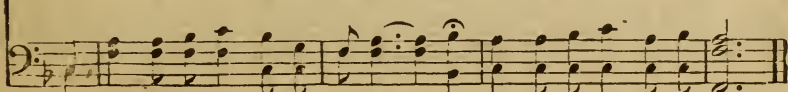


tempo.

rit.



Come, drink at the sweet flowing fountain, Oh ! drink of the water, and live.



THE LORD MY SHEPHERD.

Modrato.

FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

1 The Lord my Shepherd feeds me, And I no want shall know;
 2 Thy rod and staff shall cheer me, When pass - ing death's dark vale;
 3 Thy good-ness shall not leave me, Thy mer - cy still shall guide,

He in green pas-tures leads me, By streams which gen - tly flow.
 Thou, Lord, wilt still be near me, And I shall fear no ill.
 Till God's house shall re - ceive me, For - ev - er to a - bide.

Duet ad lib.

He doth, when ill be - tides me, Re - store me from dis - tress;
 My food thou dost ap - point me, Pre - pared be - fore my foes;
 The Lord my Shepherd feeds me, And I no want shall know;

Full.

For his name's sake he guides me In paths of right - eous - ness.
 With oil thou dost a - noint me; My cup of bliss o'er - flows.
 He in green pas-tures leads me; By streams which gen - tly flow.

* Upper notes to be played by the right hand.

ALIVE IN CHRIST.

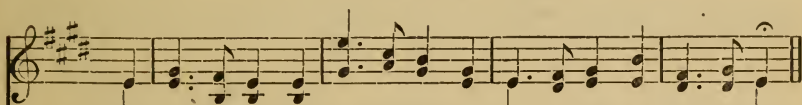
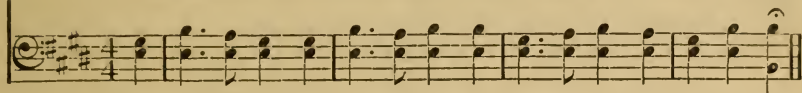
93

REV. ISAAC N. WILSON.

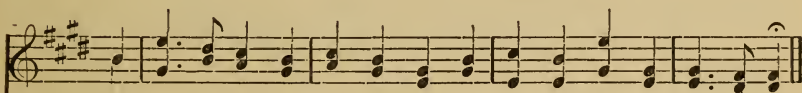
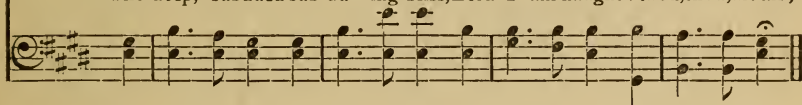
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



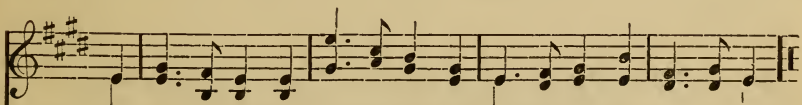
- 1 A - live in Christ! oh, hap- py day When from the death of sin I rose;
- 2 A - live in Christ! I grow in grace, And joy - ous tread the upward road;
- 3 'Tis done, complete in Christ I stand; All for-mer joys are lost in this,—



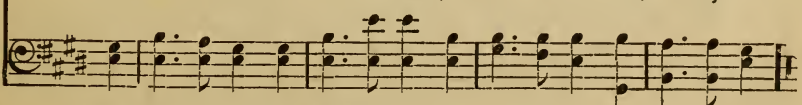
Sweet was the new birth's glorious thrill, And day by day 'tis sweet - er still,
Hold - ing communion sweet with God, I pass the mys - tic vales of sin:
The deep, subdued sub - du - ing bliss, Lord I am naught: thou, thou, art all,



A - live in Christ! my spir - it glows And my glad heart sings on its way,
A - live in Christ! yes, all with - in Is purged from guilt and pu - ri - fied;
May thy sweet peace for - ev - er fall On me, for my poor will is gone,



As it recounts the wondrous word That reconciled me to my Lord.
I clos - er seek my Sa - viour's side, And joy to see his smil - ing face.
Thine is the best, let thine be done; For so I love thee, O my God.



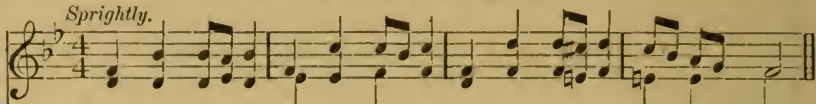
TRAIN THE CHILDREN.

A. S. DOUGHTY.

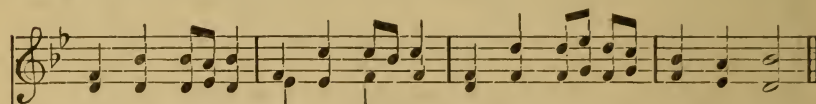
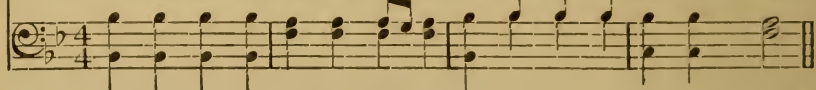
GEO. C. HUGG.

"Train up a child in the way he should go."—PROV. xxii, 6.

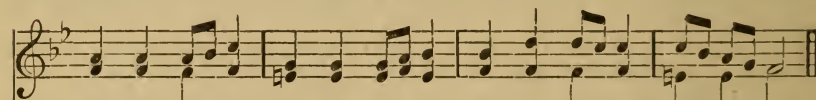
Sprightly.



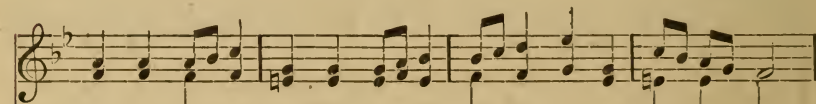
1. Train the children: guard from fall-ing: Lead them in the nar-row way.
2. Gath-er children from the highways. Snatch them from the tempter bold.
3. Train the children: love and cherish:—"He that winneth souls is wise:"



'Tis a voice from heav-en call-ing: Christian, hear it and o-bey.
Search and bring them from the by-ways,—Youthful wand'ers from the fold.
Let none wan-der, fall, or perish; Train for man-sions in the skies.



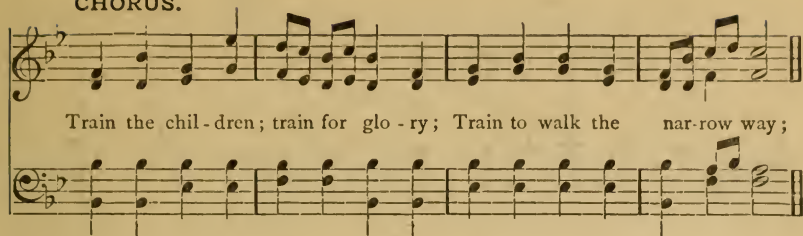
Take the child, and train it for me: Thus the Sa-viour speaks to-day;
Take and train them,—glorious du-ty. Treat them with a shepherd's care;
Train each child to be a toil-er In the Mas-ter's vineyard here;



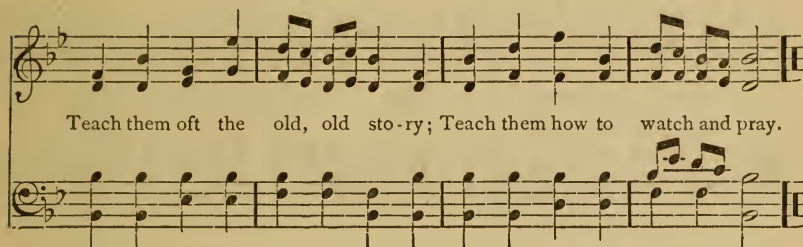
Train it for a world of glo-ry. I, your Mas-ter, will re-pay.
Point them to the heav'n of beauty: Aid them with thy earnest prayer.
They through toil will 'scape the spoiler. Toil through grace brings triumph near.



CHORUS.



Train the chil-dren; train for glo-ry; Train to walk the nar-row way;

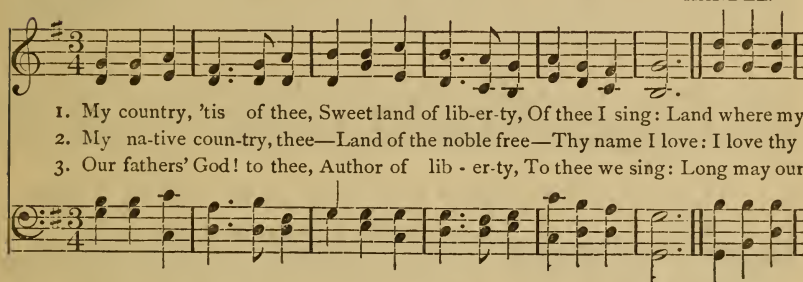


Teach them oft the old, old sto-ry; Teach them how to watch and pray.

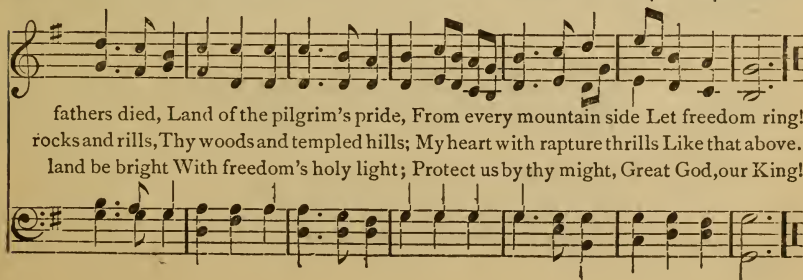
AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

S. F. SMITH.

HANDEL.



1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My na-tive coun-try, thee—Land of the noble free—Thy name I love: I love thy
3. Our fathers' God! to thee, Author of lib - er-ty, To thee we sing: Long may our



fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From every mountain side Let freedom ring!
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.
 land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

I'M A PILGRIM.

1. I'm a pil - grim and I'm a strang - er: I can

tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night. Do not de - tain me, for I am

go - ing To where the fountains are ev - er flow - ing. I'm a

pil - grim and I'm a stranger: I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night.

2 There the glory is ever shining!
 Oh, my longing heart, my longing heart is there.
 Here in this country so dark and dreary,
 I long have wandered forlorn and weary.

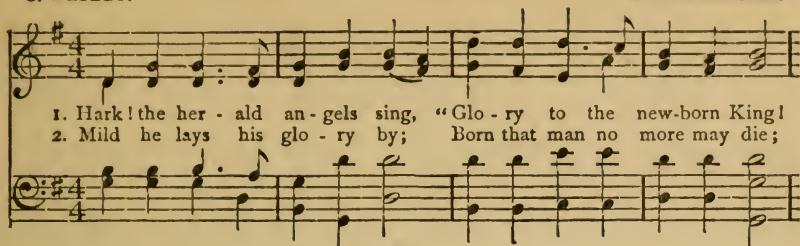
3 There's the city to which I journey:
 My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light!
 There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
 Nor any tears there, nor any dying!

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

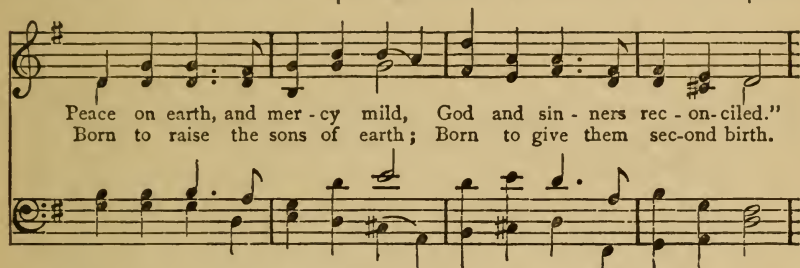
97

C. WESLEY.

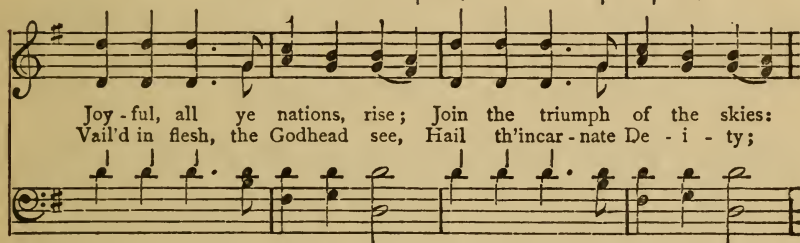
MEDELSSOHN.



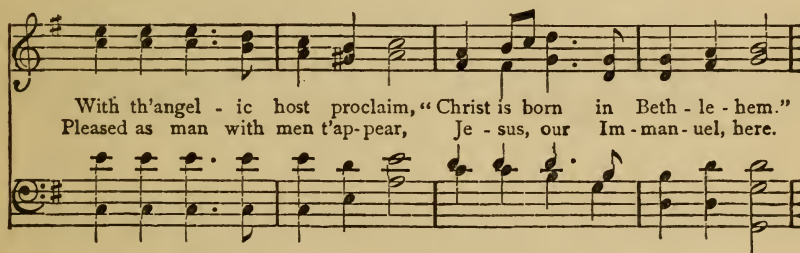
1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King!
2. Mild he lays his glo - ry by; Born that man no more may die;



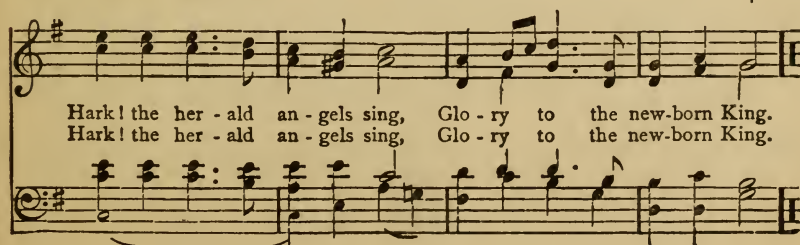
Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on-ciled."
Born to raise the sons of earth; Born to give them sec - ond birth.



Joy - ful, all ye nations, rise; Join the triumph of the skies:
Vail'd in flesh, the Godhead see, Hail th'incarnate De - i - ty;



With th'angel - ic host proclaim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem."
Pleased as man with men t'ap - pear, Je - sus, our Im - man - uel, here.

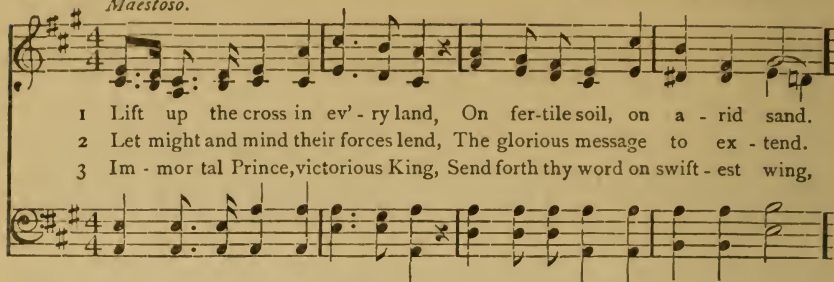


Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new-born King.
Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new-born King.

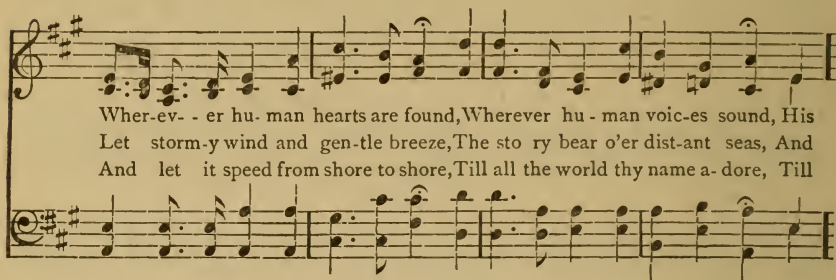
MISSIONARY HYMN.

Mrs F. E. PETTENGILL.

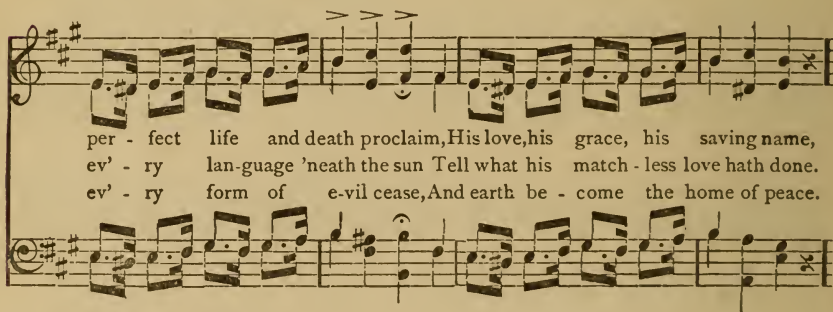
FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

Maestoso.


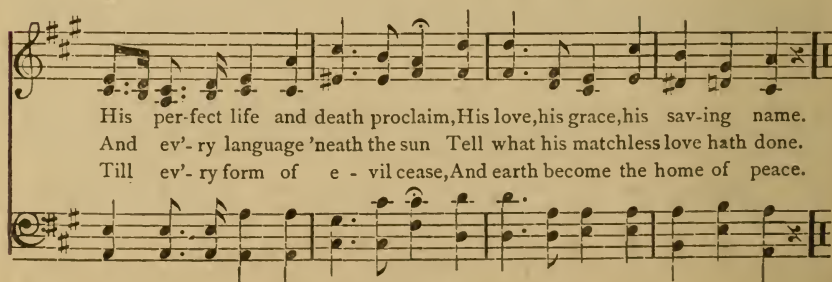
1 Lift up the cross in ev' - ry land, On fer-tile soil, on a - rid sand.
 2 Let might and mind their forces lend, The glorious message to ex - tend.
 3 Im - mor - tal Prince, victorious King, Send forth thy word on swift - est wing,



Wher-ev - er hu - man hearts are found, Wherever hu - man voic-es sound, His
 Let storm-y wind and gen-tle breeze, The sto - ry bear o'er dis-tant seas, And
 And let it speed from shore to shore, Till all the world thy name a-dore, Till



per - fect life and death proclaim, His love, his grace, his saving name,
 ev' - ry lan-guage 'neath the sun Tell what his match - less love hath done.
 ev' - ry form of e-vil cease, And earth be - come the home of peace.



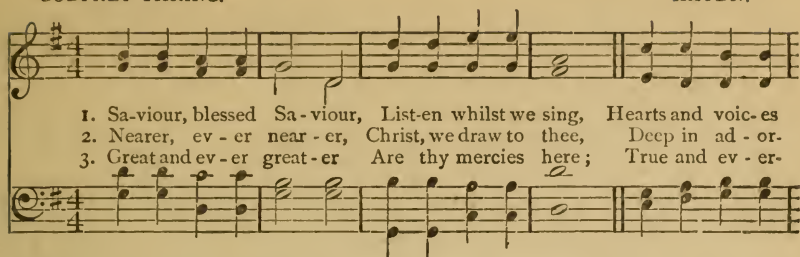
His per-fect life and death proclaim, His love, his grace, his sav-ing name.
 And ev'-ry language 'neath the sun Tell what his matchless love hath done.
 Till ev'-ry form of e - vil cease, And earth become the home of peace.

SAVIOUR, BLESSED SAVIOUR.

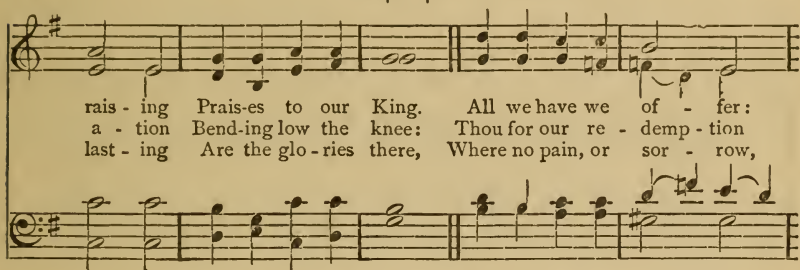
99

GODFREY THRING.

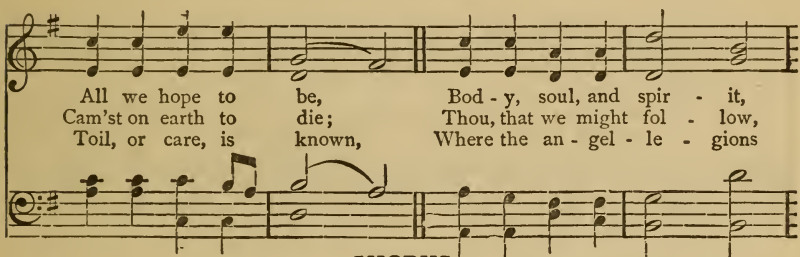
HAYDN.



1. Sa-viour, blessed Sa-viour, List-en whilst we sing, Hearts and voic-es
 2. Nearer, ev-er near-er, Christ, we draw to thee, Deep in ad-or-
 3. Great and ev-er great-er Are thy mercies here; True and ev-er-

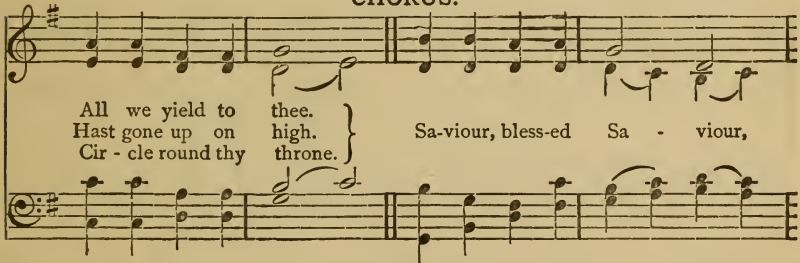


rais-ing Prais-es to our King. All we have we of-fer:
 a-tion Bend-ing low the knee: Thou for our re-demp-tion
 last-ing Are the glo-ries there, Where no pain, or sor-row,

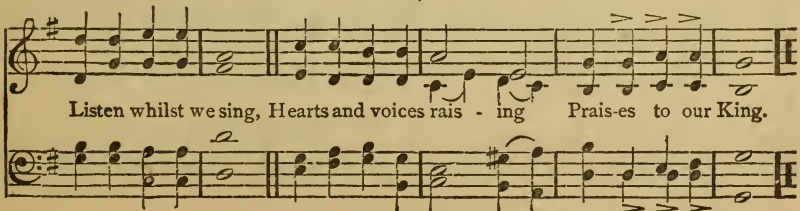


All we hope to be, Bod-y, soul, and spir-it,
 Cam'st on earth to die; Thou, that we might fol-low,
 Toil, or care, is known, Where the an-gel-le-gions

CHORUS.



All we yield to thee. } Sa-viour, bless-ed Sa-viour,
 Hast gone up on high.
 Cir-cle round thy throne. }

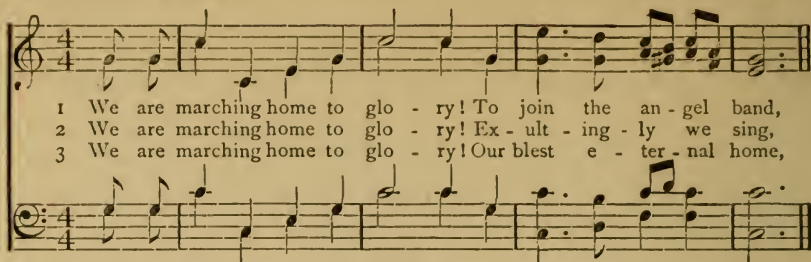


Listen whilst we sing, Hearts and voices rais-ing Prais-es to our King.

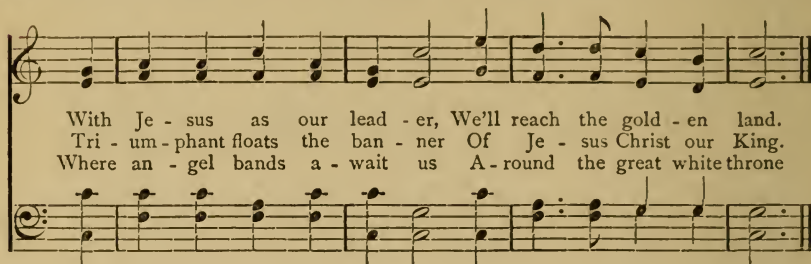
MARCHING HOME TO GLORY.

HARVEY REYNOLDS.

GEO. C. HUGG.

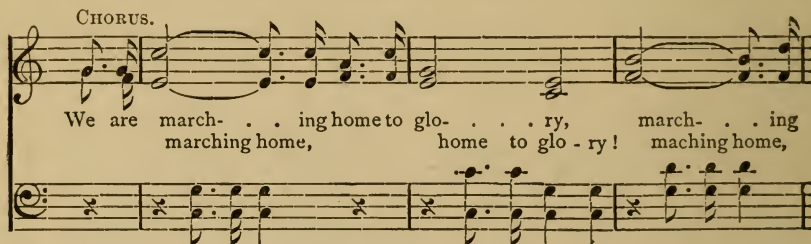


1 We are marching home to glo - ry! To join the an - gel band,
 2 We are marching home to glo - ry! Ex - ult - ing - ly we sing,
 3 We are marching home to glo - ry! Our blest e - ter - nal home,

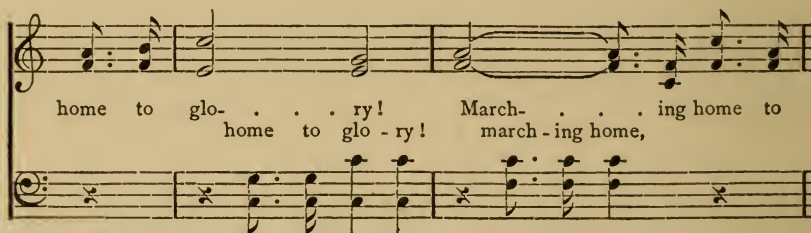


With Je - sus as our lead - er, We'll reach the gold - en land.
 Tri - um - phant floats the ban - ner Of Je - sus Christ our King.
 Where an - gel bands a - wait us A - round the great white throne

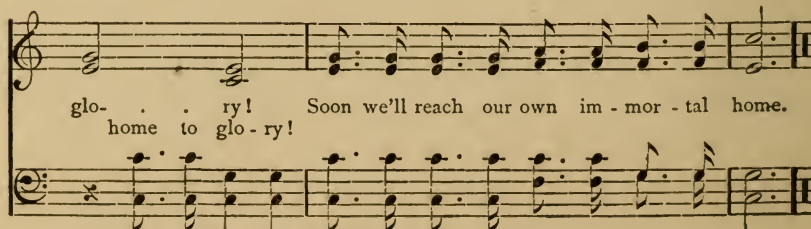
CHORUS.



We are march- . . . ing home to glo- . . . ry, march- . . . ing
 marching home, home to glo - ry! marching home,



home to glo- . . . ry! March- . . . ing home to
 home to glo - ry! march - ing home,



glo- . . . ry! Soon we'll reach our own im - mor - tal home.
 home to glo - ry!

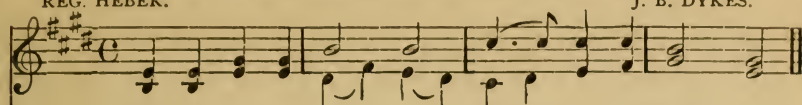
HOLY, HOLY, HOLY!

101

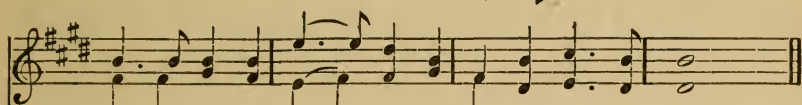
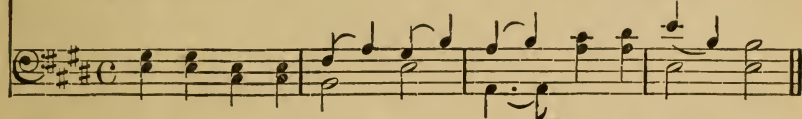
"They rest not day and night saying *Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty.*"—REV. iv. 8.

REG. HEBER.

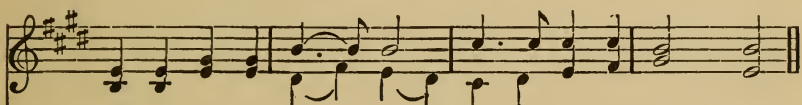
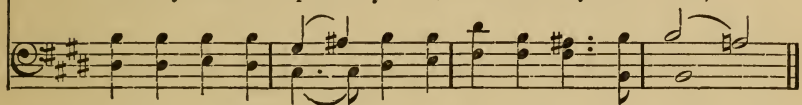
J. B. DYKES.



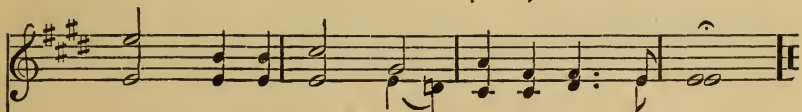
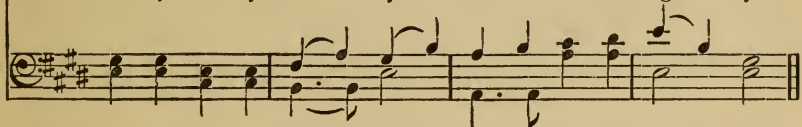
1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y!
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore thee,
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! though the dark-ness hide thee,
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y!



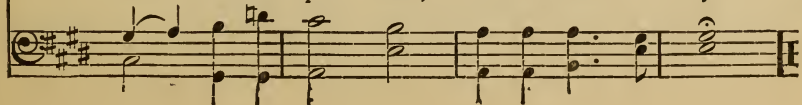
Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to thee;
 Cast - ing down their gold-en crowns a-round the glass - y sea;
 Though the eye of sin - ful man thy glo - ry may not see;
 All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth and sky and sea;



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y,
 Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore thee,
 On - ly thou art ho - ly; there is none be - side thee,
 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y,



God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 Which wert and art and ev - er - more shall be.
 Per - fect in pow'r, in love and pur - i - ty.
 God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!



WHO IS HE?

And it was the third hour, and they crucified Him.—MARK, xv. 25.

FOR EASTER.

F. L. ARMSTRONG.

Andante.

1. Bound up - on th'accursed tree, Faint and bleeding, who is He?
 2. Bound up - on th'accursed tree, Sad and dy-ing, who is He?

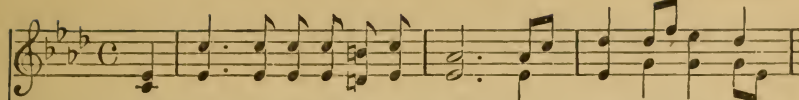
See His eyes, so pale and dim; Streaming blood and writhing limb.
 Hark! His pray'r for them that slew; "Lord, they know not what they do!"

See the flesh with scourges torn, See the crown of twist-ed thorn;
 Lo, the sun at noon grown pale! Rent in twain the tem-ple's veil!

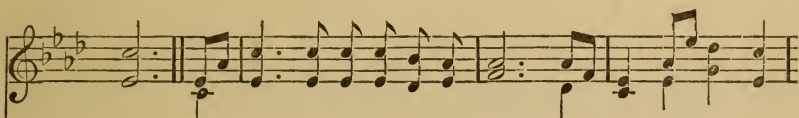
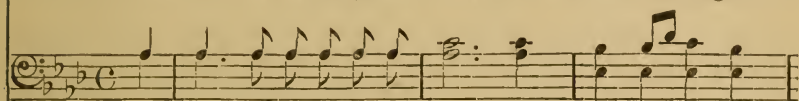
cres. *rall.*
 See the drooping death-dew'd brow; Son of man, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!
 Trembling nature knows Thee now; Son of God, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

- 3 Bound upon th'accursed tree,
 Dread and awful, who was He?
 Though His lifeless corpse was laid
 In a cold sepulchral bed,
 Soon the Saviour, from the grave,
 Rose, a conqueror strong, to save;
 Bright the crown that decks His brow:
 Son of God, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

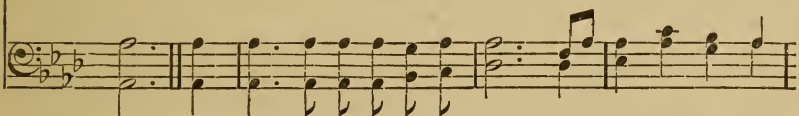
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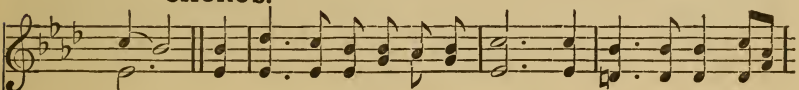
1. There is a realm where Jesus reigns, A home of grace and
2. There sons of earth will join to bless The pre-cious Sa-viour's
3. Yet all, a-las! may not be there, For some will slight his



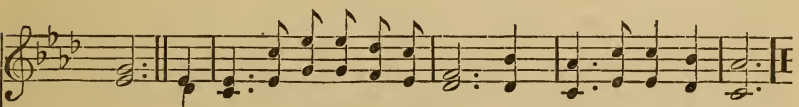
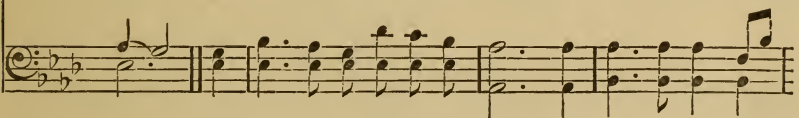
love, Where an-gels wait with sweetest strains To greet the saints a-
name, Cloth'd in his per-fect righteousness, And sav'd from sin and
grace; Tho' now he calls, they do not care To turn and seek his



CHORUS.



bove. } They'll sing their welcome home to me, They'll sing their welcome
shame. }
face. }



home; The an-gels on the heav'n-ly strand, Will sing their welcome home.



STRIKE THE CYMBAL.

Facitta.

All voices in unison.

1 Strike the cym-bal, Roll the tym-bal, Let the
2 From the riv-er, Re-ject-ing quiv-er, Ju-dah's

trump of triumph sound.
he - - ro takes the stone.

Soprano.
Alto.
Spread your banners, Shout ho-san-nas, Bat-tle
Powerful slinging, Headlong bringing, Proud Go -
Tenor.
Bass.

Sva.....

is the Lord's a-lone.
li-ath to the ground.

STRIKE THE CYMBAL.—Continued.

105

All voices in unison.

See ad-vances, with songs and dances, All the

Sva.....

This system contains a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest for three measures, then enters with the melody. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: the right hand plays a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand plays a similar pattern in a lower register. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4.

band of Is - rael's daughters; Catch the sound, ye hills and wa-ters

This system continues the musical piece. The vocal line and piano accompaniment follow the same pattern as the first system. The piano accompaniment features a consistent rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Spread your banners, Shout ho-san-nas, Bat-tle is the Lord's a-lone.

Sva....

This system continues the musical piece. The vocal line and piano accompaniment follow the same pattern as the first system. The piano accompaniment features a consistent rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Sva.....

This system continues the musical piece. The vocal line and piano accompaniment follow the same pattern as the first system. The piano accompaniment features a consistent rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

STRIKE THE CYMBAL.—Concluded.

Bis. slow. *a tempo.*

{ God of thun-der, } All the power Phi-lis-tia boasts. What are
Rend a-sun-der }

na-tions? What their sta-tions? Is-rael's God is Lord of hosts.

Bis. andante. *a tempo primo.*

{ What are haught-y mon-archs now? } Pride of princ-es, strength of kings,
Low be-fore Je-ho-vah bow. }

accelerando. *a tempo primo.*

To the dust Je-ho-vah brings, Praise him, praise him, ex-ult-ing nations, praise.

Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na!

A NEW CREATED WORLD.

107

FULL CHORUS.

p

Arr. from Haydn, by H. B. Palmer.

A new cre - a - ted world, A new cre - a - ted
A new cre - a - ted world, A new cre - a - ted

p

world springs up, springs up at God's command, A new cre - a - ted
Sva.....
world springs up, springs up at God's command, A new cre - a - ted

world, A new cre - a - ted world springs up, springs up at God's com-
world, A new cre - a - ted world springs up, springs up at God's com-

SOLO. Tenor.

--- mand. Af - fright - ed fled hell's spir - its black in throngs,
--- mand.

By permission of H. R. PALMER.

108 A NEW CREATED WORLD.—Continued.

Down they sink in the deep a - byss, To end-

f SEMI-CHORUS. *Tenor.*

less night. De - spair-ing, curs - ing rage . . . at - tends their rap-id

f SEMI-CHORUS. *Alto.*

De - spair-ing, curs - ing rage at - tends, at - tends their rap-id

f SEMI-CHORUS. *Soprano.*

De - spair-ing rage, De - spair-ing, at - tends their rap-id

SEMI-CHORUS. *Bass.*

Despair-ing, curs - ing rage attends their rap - - id

p FALL. *p* FULL CHORUS.

new cre - a - ted world, A

Sra.....

new cre - a - ted world springs up, springs up at God's com - mand. . .

A NEW CREATED WORLD.—Concluded. 109

A new cre - a - ted world, A new cre - a - ted world springs

cres. *f* *Unison.*
up, springs up at God's command, springs up at God's com-mand, springs up at

cres. *f* *Unison.*

God's com-mand.

* End with this chord unless next chorus is to be sung in connection.

THE MARV'LOUS WORK.*

Arr. from Haydn, by H. B. Palmer.

p *fz* *f* *p*

* When this and the "New Created World" are sung in connection, an eighth note in this movement should receive as much time as a quarter note of the first movement.

By permission of H. B. PALMER.

THE MARV'LOUS WORK.—Continued.

SOPRANO SOLO.

The marv' - lous, the marv'lous work behold a-maz'd,

The glo - rious hie-rarch-y of heav'n; And

to th'e-ther-eal vault resound. The praise of God,

The praise of God, and of the sec - ond day, and of the sec - ond

THE MARV'LOUS WORK.—Continued. 111

Soprano Solo. Obligato.

day, And to th'e-ther-eal vault re-sound, The praise of

Soprano. And to th'e-ther-eal vault re-sound, The praise of

Alto. And to th'e-ther-eal vault re-sound, The praise of

God, The praise of God, and of the sec - - ond day, and of the

God, The praise of God, the sec-ond day, and of the

sec - - ond

God, The praise of God, and of the, the sec-ond day, and of the

sec - ond day. The marv'lous work behold amaz'd, The

sec - ond day.

sec - ond day.

112 THE MARV'LOUS WORK.—Continued.

glo - rious hie - rarch - y of heav'n; And from th'e - ther - eal

And
CHORUS.

And

This system contains three staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment. The third staff is a bass line. The music is in G major and 4/4 time.

vault resound the praise of God, and of the sec - ond

from, and from th' ethereal vault resound the praise of God, and of the sec - ond

from, and from th' ethereal vault resound the praise of God, and of the sec - ond

This system contains four staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment. The third staff is a piano accompaniment. The fourth staff is a bass line. The music is in G major and 4/4 time.

day. The marv' - - - lous work behold amaz'd,

day.

day.

This system contains four staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment. The third staff is a piano accompaniment. The fourth staff is a bass line. The music is in G major and 4/4 time.

THE MARV'LOUS WORK.—Continued. 113

the glo - rious hie - rarch - y of heav'n, And

And to th' ethereal vault resound,

CHORUS.

And to th' ethereal vault resound,

p

to th' e - ther - eal vault re - sound,

And to the vault re - sound,

And to the vault resound,

The praise of God, The praise of God.

The praise of God, The praise of

The praise of God, The praise of

114 THE MARV'LOUS WORK.—Concluded.

and of the sec - - - ond day, And

God, And of the sec - - - ond the sec - ond day, and of the sec - ond

God, the sec - ond day, and of the sec - ond

This system consists of four staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a 7/8 time signature. The second staff is an alto clef. The third staff is a treble clef. The fourth staff is a bass clef. The music is in G major and 7/8 time. The lyrics are: 'and of the second day, And God, And of the second the second day, and of the second God, the second day, and of the second'.

to th' ether-eal vault resound the praise of

day. And to the vault, And to th' ether-eal vault resound the praise of

day, And to the vault, and to th' ether-eal vault resound the praise of

This system consists of four staves. The first staff is a treble clef. The second staff is an alto clef. The third staff is a treble clef. The fourth staff is a bass clef. The music is in G major and 7/8 time. The lyrics are: 'to th' ether-eal vault resound the praise of day. And to the vault, And to th' ether-eal vault resound the praise of day, And to the vault, and to th' ether-eal vault resound the praise of'.

God, and of the second day.

God, and of the second day.

God, and of the second day.

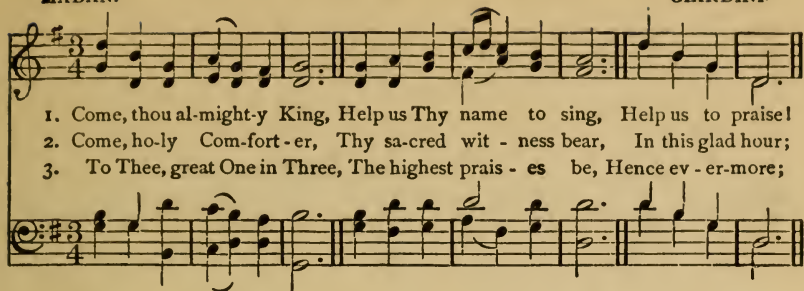
This system consists of four staves. The first staff is a treble clef. The second staff is an alto clef. The third staff is a treble clef. The fourth staff is a bass clef. The music is in G major and 7/8 time. The lyrics are: 'God, and of the second day. God, and of the second day. God, and of the second day.'

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

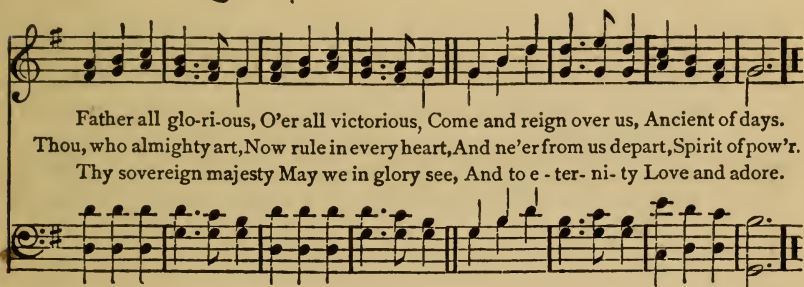
115

MADAN.

GIARDINI.



1. Come, thou al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise!
2. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear, In this glad hour;
3. To Thee, great One in Three, The highest prais-es be, Hence ev-er-more;



Father all glo-ri-ous, O'er all victorious, Come and reign over us, Ancient of days.
Thou, who almighty art, Now rule in every heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of pow'r.
Thy sovereign majesty May we in glory see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love and adore.

6s & 4s.

7s.

- 1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine.
- 2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm and changeless be,
A living fire.
- 3 While sin's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, hear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

- 1 Hark, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour; hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner! lovest thou me?"
- 2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And when wounded healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shall be;
"Say, poor sinner! lovest thou me?"
- 6 Lord! it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore;
Oh, for grace to love thee more!

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

LUTHER.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ! Praise him, all creatures here be-low !

Praise him a - bove, ye heavenly host ! Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost !

DUKE STREET. L. M.

HATTON.

1. E - ter-nal Spir-it, 'twas thy breath The o - ra-cles of truth in-spir'd ;
2. Mov'd by the great al - migh-ty pow'r, Their lips with heav'nly wis - dom flow'd ;
3. With gladsome hearts they spread the news Of pardon, through a Saviour's blood ;

And kings and ho - ly seers of old With strong prophet - ic impulse fired.
 Their hands a thousand wonders wrought, Which bore the sig - na - ture of God.
 And to a num'-rous seek - ing crowd Mark'd out the path to his a - bode.

7s.

- 1 Rock of ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Not the labors of the hands
Can fulfill thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save and thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace,
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour! or I die.
- 4 Whilst I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne;
Rock of ages, cleft for me!
Let me hide myself in thee.

8s & 7s.

- 1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down!
Fix in us thine humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus! thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning!
Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave;
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.
- 4 Finish, then, thy new creation;
Pure and sinless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee;
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

L. M. D.

- 1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
- 3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
May I thy consolations share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise,
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

8s, 7s & 4s.

- 1 Lord! dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us, evermore, be found.
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
We shall surely
Reign with Christ in endless day.

L. M.

- 1 Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord!
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

WATTS.

1. No more, my God! I boast no more Of all the du-ties I have done:
2. Now, for the love I bear his name, What was my gain I count my loss;

I quit the hopes I held be-fore, To trust the mer-its of thy Son.
My former pride I call my shame, And nail my glo-ry to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem,
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
Oh, may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne,
But faith can answer thy demands
By pleading what my Lord has done.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

WM. COWPER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. What various hin-dran-ces we meet In coming to the mer-cy seat!

Yet who that knows the worth of prayer, But wishes to be of-ten there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

L. M.

- 1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

L. M.

- 1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! oh how sweet
To be for such a slumber met!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost its venom'd sting!
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

L. M.

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

L. M.

- 1 Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear!
It is not night if thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When soft the dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast!
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.
- 4 Come near to bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

L. M.

- 1 Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star! bid darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

L. M.

- 1 Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.
- 2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.
- 3 And when our labors are all o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more—
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to ~~fa~~,
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

GEO. HEATH.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard! Ten thousand foes a - rise!
 2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;

The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.
 Re - new it bold - ly ev' - ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
 Nor lay thine armor down;
 Thine arduous work will not be done
 Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Then persevere till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God;
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
 To His divine abode.

DENNIS. S. M.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT.

H. G. NAGELL.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,— Our com - forts and our cares,

3 We share our mutual woes;
 Our mutual burdens bear;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still be join'd in heart,
 And hope to meet again.

S. M.

- 1 Jesus, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us, all our grief to tell,
To pray, and never faint.
- 2 He bows his gracious ear,—
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.
- 3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high.
- 4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, he hears, and from on high
Will make our cause his care.

C. M.

- 1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save, ..
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

S. M.

- 1 Behold what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!
- 2 'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
.. We shall be like our Head.
- 4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.
- 5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove
To rest upon my heart.
- 6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall "Abba, Father!" cry,
And thou the kindred own.

S. M.

- 1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found:
There is no weeping there.

8s, 7s & 6s.

- 1 LORD! I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free—
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me,
Even me, even me!
Let some droppings fall on me.
- 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be!
Thou might'st pass me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me,
Even me, etc.
- 3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
When thou comest, call for me,
Even me, etc.
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,
Even me, etc.
- 5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of God, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless.
Magnify them all in me,
Even me, etc.

7s & 6s.

- 1 I lay my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all and frees us
From the accursed load;
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.
- 2 I lay my wants on Jesus:
All fullness dwells in him;
He heals all my diseases,
.. He doth my soul redeem;
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.
- 3 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child;
I long to be with Jesus,
.. Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
To learn the angels' song.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS.

THOS. A. ARNE.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross,—A foll'wer of the Lamb,—
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' blood - y seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

DUNDEE. C. M.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS.

GUILLAUME FRANC.

1. A - las! and did my Sa-viour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die?

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died,
For man, the creature's sin.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

C. M.

- 1 Oh, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove! return,
Sweet Messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

C. M.

- 1 Jesus! thou art the sinner's Friend;
As such I look to thee;
Now, in the fullness of thy love,
O Lord! remember me.
- 2 Remember thy pure word of grace;
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.
- 3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou'art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord! remember me.
- 4 Lord! I am guilty, I am vile,
But thy salvation's free; ..
Then, in thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord! remember me.
- 5 And when I close my eyes in death,
When creature-helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer, God!
I pray, remember me.

C. M.

- 1 Father of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find—
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight,
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

C. M.

- 1 The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeeth me
The quiet waters by.
- 2 My soul he doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.
- 3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill,
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.
- 4 My table thou has furnish'd—
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.
- 5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

C. M.

- 1 Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies,
And upward to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which thou hast shed,
No blood but thou hast spilt.
- 4 'Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive;
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

C. M.

- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall!
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all!
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all!
- 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all!
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all!
- 5 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
Weat his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all!

A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.—PSALM, II, 17.

Rev. CHAS. WESLEY, 1740.

C. M. VON WEBER.

1. Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still reserv'd for me?
 2. I have long with-stood His grace; Long pro-vok'd Him to His face;
 3. Now in-cline me to re-pent; Let me now my sins la-ment;

Can my God His wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare?
 Would not hearken to His calls, Griev'd Him by a thousand falls.
 Now my foul re-volt de-plore, Weep, be-lieve, and sigh no more.

HAUSER. L. M.

CHESTER E. POND.

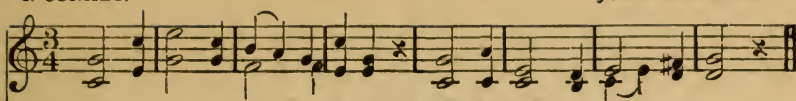
F. L. ARMSTRONG.

1. My mind is stayed on God a-lone; In perfect peace he keeps his own;
 2. His conscious love, so deep and full, Pervades entire my in-most soul;
 3. What perfect love, by grace, I know; It casts out fear while here be-low;

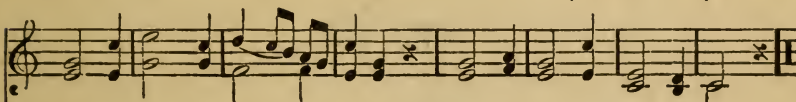
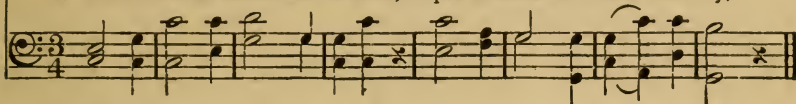
His ho-ly Word now glows with light: I walk by faith, and not by sight.
 The more I crave this boundless love, The more he gives me from a-bove.
 It fills my soul with rapturous song Before I reach yon heavenly throng.

I. CONKEY.

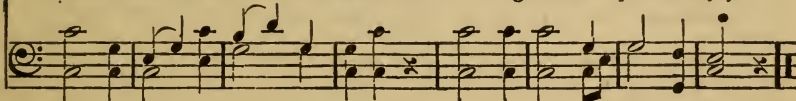
JOHN BOWRING.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tower-ing o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er- take me, Hopes de-ceive and fears an- noy,



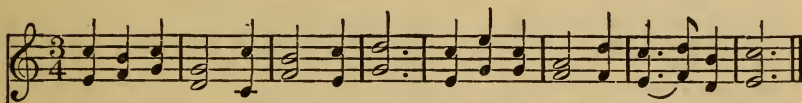
All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev-er shall the cross for-sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.



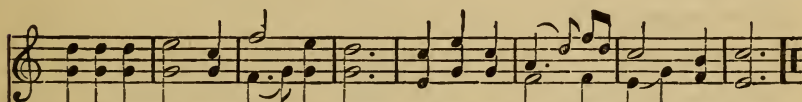
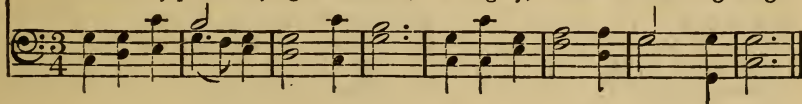
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure;
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

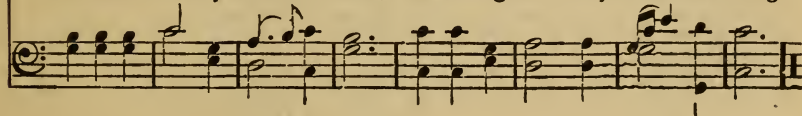
MENDON. L. M.



1. Ex-ert thy power, thy rights maintain, Almighty, ev - er - last - ing King!



The influence of thy crown in-crease, And strangers to thy foot - stool bring.



- 2 In one vast symphony of praise,
Gentile and Jew shall then unite,
And unbelief no longer reign,
But sink in shades of endless night.

- 3 Then Afric's liberated sons,
Shall chant to Asia's rapturous song,
Europe resound her Saviour's fame,
And western climes the notes prolong.

INDEXES.

TITLES.

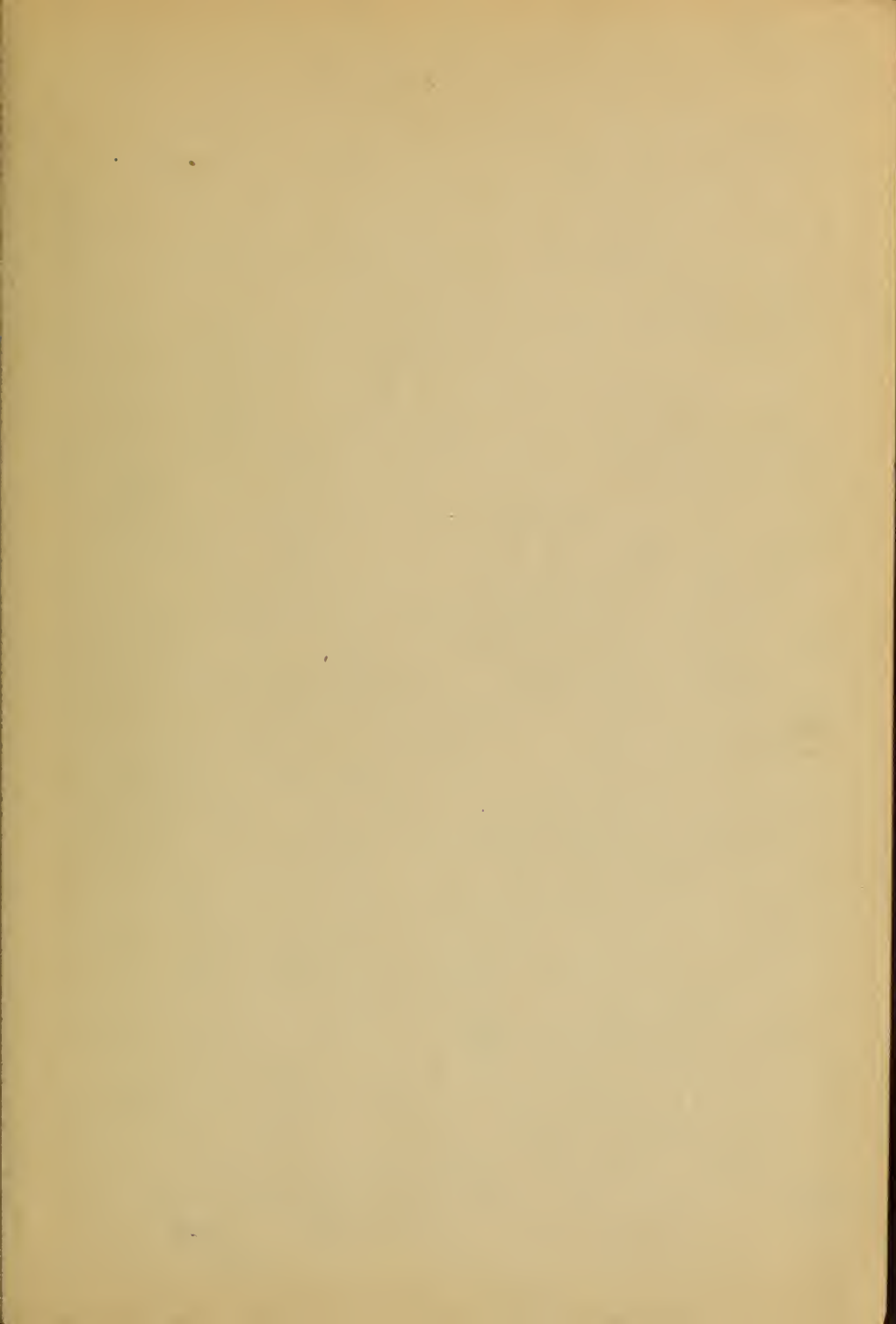
	PAGE		PAGE
Abide with me	47	Harvest home song	34
Alive in Christ	93	Have you room	87
America	95	He cometh	79
A new created world	107	Holy Bible	90
Arlington, C. M.	122	Holy, holy, holy	101
Army of Christ	40	Home for the ransomed . .	62
At Jesus' feet	24	I love to tell the story . .	42
At the crystal sea	30	I'm a pilgrim	96
Awake! O earth	61	Immanuel's land	65
Carol, sweetly carol	32	Italian hymn, 6s & 4s . . .	115
Children, come	16	It is not dying	43
Children's praise	59	Jerusalem, the golden . . .	8
Cling to the rock	80	Jesus first and last	78
Come, drink at the fountain	91	Jesus loved the children . .	63
Come to Jesus, come	26	Jewel, 7s	73
Come to me	9	Laban, S. M.	120
Come unto me	36	Marching home to glory . .	100
Come ye to the waters . . .	23	Master, the tempest is raging	6
Day of rest	81	Mendon, L. M.	125
Dennis, S. M.	120	Mighty deliverer	14
Duke Street, L. M.	116	Missionary Hymn	98
Dundee, C. M.	122	Not to angels	19
Exalted praise	3	Old Hundred, L. M.	116
Forth to the field	46	O Lord, we love thy name .	33
Gladsome are we to-day . . .	82	Only a servant	54
Go and tell it all to Jesus . .	74	Opening Hymn	38
God leads us	48	Oswell	35
Going home	70	Parting song	77
Going up higher	5	Planting Sharon's rose . . .	20
Golden sheaves	37	Pleyel's Hymn, 7s	67
Grateful praise	66	Quebec, L. M.	118
Hallelujah	4	Quench not the Spirit . . .	72
Hark! hark! my soul	13		
Hark! the herald angels sing	97		

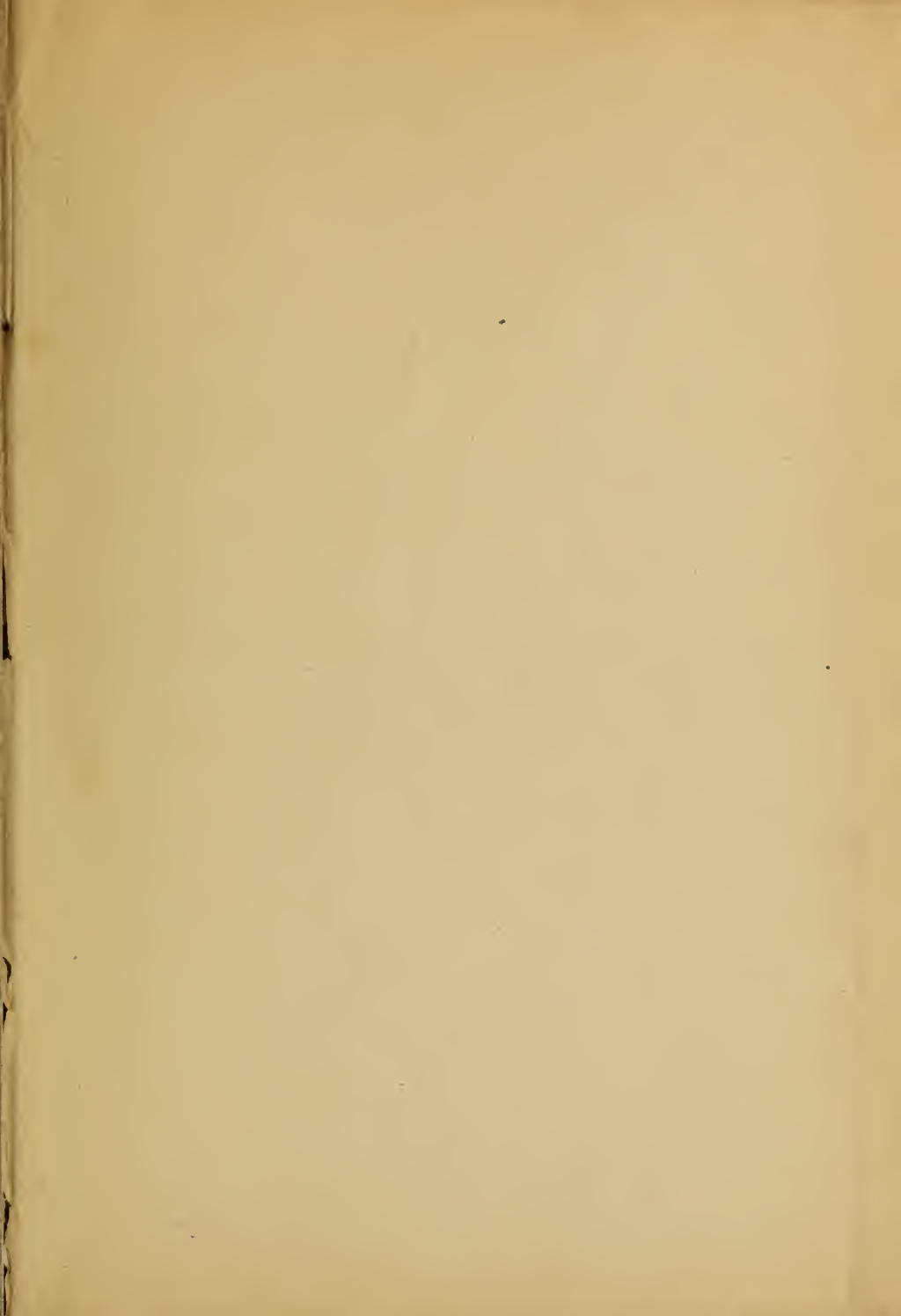
	PAGE		PAGE
Rathbun, 8s & 7s	125	There is a land immortal	51
Reaping done	88	The shepherd watchers	83
Ring, ye bells	84	The soul's new song	41
Rockingham, L. M.	118	The sycamore bough	18
Rock of the desert	31	The voice divine	68
Saviour, blessed Saviour	99	'Tis the loving Jesus	60
Seek the Lord	56	Toiling homeward	75
Singing with the angels	89	Train the children	94
Sinner, turn	58	Victory over death	71
Stand by the right	85	Waiting at the door	76
Stephen's, C. M.	15	Waiting for us	44
Strike the cymbal	104	Walking the golden streets	50
Strong to redeem	12	Weber, 7s	124
Swiftly fading	64	Welcome home	28
The children's day	27	Welcome home to me	103
The eternal rock	57	We march to victory	10
The glad some tidings	52	We only know in part	69
The guarding angel	86	When we get home	29
The Lord my shepherd	92	Who is he	102
The Lord's Prayer	25	Wilkie, 6s & 5s	49
The marv'lous work	109	Wilmot, 8s & 7s	17
		With Christ we'll walk the	22

FIRST LINES.

	PAGE		PAGE
Abide with me; fast falls the	47	Cling to the Rock that through	80
A crowd fills the court of the	59	Come, drink at the fountain	91
Again returns the day of holy	81	Come, thou almighty King	115
Alas! and did my Saviour	122	Come to me, saith Christ the	9
Alive in Christ! oh, happy day	93	Come unto me, the Saviour	36
All hail the power of Jesus'	123	Come ye to the waters, come	23
Am I a soldier of the cross	122	Depth of mercy! can there be	124
A new created world	107	Did Christ o'er sinners weep	121
Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep	119	Dismiss us with thy blessing	117
At the door of mercy sighing	76	Do you mourn a sinful spirit	26
Awake, O earth, Jehovah's	61	Eternal Spirit: 'twas thy breath	116
Behold, what wondrous grace	121	Exalted praise to God on high	3
Blest be the tie that binds	120	Exert thy power, thy rights	125
Bound upon th' accursed tree	102	Father of mercies! in thy word	123
Brightly gleams our banner	40	God will never leave thee	49
Carol, sweetly carol	32		
Christ, of all my hopes the	73		

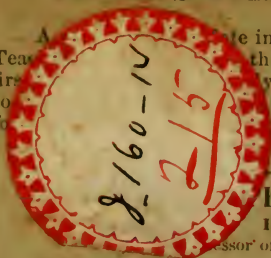
	PAGE		PAGE
Hallelujah! God our Father .	4	O death! where is thy sting .	71
Hark! a voice divides the sky	67	Oft across life's pathway	44
Hark! hark! my soul, angelic	13	Oh, for a closer walk with God	123
Hark! my soul! it is the Lord	115	Oh, magnify the Lord with me	86
Hark! the herald angels sing	97	Oh, what has Jesus done for .	28
Hark! the sound of holy voices	30	O Lord, we love thy name .	33
Have you room for pomp and	87	Our grateful voices now we	25
Hear we now the glad some	52	Our Father, who art in heaven	34
Holy Bible! book divine .	90	Praise God, from whom all	116
Holy, holy, holy	101	Prostrate, dear Jesus, at thy feet	123
How merciful, Saviour, art thou	14	Quench not the Spirit . .	72
If we grow weary in the way	29	Ring, happy bells of Christmas	84
I have dream'd sweet dreams .	89	Rock of ages, cleft for me .	117
I have found a rest complete	24	Saviour, again to thy dear name	77
I have given my heart to Jesus	41	Saviour, blessed Saviour .	99
I lay my sins on Jesus . .	121	Seek the Lord and ye shall .	56
I love to tell the story . .	42	Sinner, stop! rebel no more	58
I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger	96	Stand by the right, in battle .	85
In the cross of Christ I glory .	17	Strike the cymbal . . .	104
In the cross of Christ I glory	125	Strong to redeem is the Lord .	12
In the sweet Immanuel's land	65	Sun of my soul, thou Saviour	119
Is there trouble anywhere .	74	Sweet hour of prayer, sweet .	117
Jerusalem, the golden . .	8	The clouds hang heavy on my	48
Jesus! and shall it ever be	119	The feet forsake the beaten path	22
Jesus calls us o'er the tumult .	68	The harvest field is now . .	46
Jesus loved the children	63	The Lord my Shepherd feeds	92
Jesus shall reign where'er the	119	The marv'lous, the marv'lous	123
Jesus! thou art the sinner's .	123	The Lord's my shepherd, I'll	110
Jesus! when my soul is parting	78	There is a fountain filled with	121
Jesus, who knows full well .	121	There is a land, a beauteous	62
Jordan's waters fair were gliding	16	There is a land immortal .	51
Let worldly minds the world .	70	There is a realm where Jesus	103
Lift up the cross in ev'ry land	98	They who to mountain heights	5
Like the bud that quickly .	64	This day the sound upon the	27
Look round on waving cornfield	37	Tho' I'm but a servant . .	54
Lord, dismiss us with thy	117	Tho' life's shadows round me	60
Lord! I hear of showers of .	121	Thou that art very light of light	82
Lord Jehovah, in thy temple	38	Thus far the Lord hath led me	119
Lord of the harvest, hear .	35	Train the children: guard from	94
Lord, thou callest for the	20	Upon an ancient sycamore .	18
Love divine, all love excelling	117	We are marching home to glory	100
Many foes thy path beset .	75	We bring no glitt'ring treasures	66
Master, the tempest is raging	6	We know that Jesus came to .	69
Merciful Saviour, lover of .	31	We march, we march to victory	10
My country, 'tis of thee .	95	What various hindrances we .	118
My faith looks up to thee .	115	When the reaping time is done	88
My mind is stayed on God .	124	When wildly beats the storms	57
My soul, be on thy guard .	120	While humble shepherds watch	83
No more, my God! I boast no	118	Who, who are these clothed in	50
No, no, it is not dying .	43	Wide, ye heavenly gates .	79
Not to angels hath been granted	19	Ye Christian heralds, go .	119
Now joyful strains we lift on	15		





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